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15 CENTS

CURRENT COMMENT, 529

TOPICS OF THE TIME

- Closing an Incident, 532
- The Weapon of the Strong, 532
- Decline and Fall, 533
- A Word to the Militarist, 534

Geoffrey Chaucer, by Llewelyn Powys, 535
A Working-Class Aristocracy, by William Henry Chamberlin, 537
Egyptian Monotheism, by Robert Hillyer, 539
Larry and I, by Townsend Hills, jun., 541

LETTERS FROM ABROAD

Darkest Bavaria, by Friedrich Freksa, 542

MISCELLANY, 543

POETRY

Ten Poems from the Greek Anthology, by Albert Jay Nock, 544

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

The Law's Delay, by George Gordon Battle, and I. Montefiore Levy, 545

BOOKS

Bali, by John Gould Fletcher, 546
Life and Letters, by Newton Arvin, 548
Whittier as Lover, by Norman Foerster, 549
Shorter Notices, 550

A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK, 550

CURRENT COMMENT.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *New York Times* said that a great deal of the trouble at Lausanne was due to the impossibility of finding out what the Kurds wanted. He then cites a Kurd as saying, "I no like the Turkish Government. I no like the British Government. I no like the Arabian Government. I no like no Government. I am farmer." It is dangerous to predict immortality for any utterance, however profound, but if the rest of the world is not too slow about catching up with this Kurd, we believe that his saying will be revered by a long posterity. "I no like no Government. I am farmer"—there is the simple expression of a sound instinct. What we all want is the free chance to do our work. We want to be free to produce commodities and to exchange them; and what continually hampers and retards this freedom is our blessed Governments.

If only the citizens of the United States had the simple perspicacity, the unsophisticated horse-sense of this untutored child of the East! According to the *Budget*, the excellent organ of the National Budget Committee, every workingman and working-woman in the United States is blistered to the tune of \$200 a year to pay for our Government. The total annual cost of government in this land of the free is \$8500 million—think of it, ye gods!—and every penny of it must come out of production. This amount is more than *one-eighth of our national income*; and paying it means, in terms of labour, that each worker is contributing seven weeks labour a year, or approximately one day a week! What this country needs, apparently, is to swap its crop of hundred-per-cent Americans for Kurds, at a ratio of sixteen to one; for we might then be in a fair way of getting some sound intelligence applied to the conduct of public affairs.

In this connexion, however, there have been some interesting developments lately. Twelve million German workingmen last week sent an appeal to this nation, and they addressed it to Congress, entirely ignoring Mr. Hughes and Mr. Harding, who are the official channels of communication with the American people. M. Nitti also speaks directly to Congress in the fashion of an open letter, also passing over the heads of the State Depart-

ment and Mr. Harding. M. Mussolini also has a message for the American people, and he also speaks as if he would address it directly to Congress. English workingmen also addressed a long communication to German workingmen, having to do entirely with international public affairs, and they sent it direct, ignoring both the German Government and their own.

MOREOVER, Mr. William G. Shepherd published in the *New York World* of 4 February, a rather remarkable article. Mr. Shepherd believes that the French invasion has revealed a new form of government in Germany, wholly non-political in its character, which has been built up within the shell of the old, politically-organized State. We do not know whether Mr. Shepherd is right about this, but he says some pretty impressive things in support of his idea. He says, for instance, that the Germans are now facing France "as units of Germany's industrial system; and the Germany they think of to-day is not the Germany with its political headquarters in Berlin, but the economic Germany, existing in its industries, of which each German is a part."

MR. SHEPHERD says further: "Under a merely political form of government, with industry unorganized and unrepresented in government, the French advance into Germany would have unseated industry and would have caused every German to forget that he was anything else but a supporter of a vague political Government in Berlin. Under this new form of government which is being disclosed to the world by French activities every German looks to his unions and to his employers, working with his unions, . . . for guidance and advice. He has something stronger to fall back on than he had under the political form of government. His loyalties are no longer to a kaiser; indeed, they are no longer to a political Government in Berlin; they run instead to the industry in which he is engaged, and which is bound up with the other industries of Germany."

THERE has been a considerable eruption of moral solicitude in the French press over the way in which the British Government has been endangering the peace of Europe by rattling the sword at Lausanne. The tender-hearted Gallic editors have spared no words in deploring the greed of their late ally, who would risk another international conflagration rather than yield one jot or tittle of its claims to annex alien fuel-sources in the Mosulian oil-fields. All this is complementary to the heavy barrage of morality thrown out by the British press against the wickedness of M. Poincaré's Government in endangering the peace of Europe by grabbing alien fuel-sources in the Ruhr coal-beds. Apparently, in this pot-and-kettle contest in moral indignation, the British editors have a secure lead. For this sort of thing they possess superior traditions and training.

THE virtually unanimous support by the British press of Lord Curzon's blustering insistence at Lausanne, is an indication of the general acceptance of the imperialist idea alike by the Tories, the various blends of Liberals, and no inconsiderable portion of the Labour group. Papers

like the Manchester *Guardian* and the *New Statesman* have supported the Near Eastern policy of imperialist highwaymanry as whole-heartedly, apparently, as the *Morning Post* or the *Saturday Review*. "The question of the province of Mosul," declares the *Guardian*, with naïve finality, "was settled when it was included as part of the new kingdom of Iraq, for which Great Britain has accepted a certain limited responsibility, under the supervision of the League of Nations, and for good or ill it forms at present part of that mandate." For the normally clear-sighted *Guardian* this seems a limited, if not sadly distorted, view; but in matters relating to British imperialism even the most liberal-minded British editors have grown into the habit of wearing blinders.

A NOTABLE exception to this docile editorial attitude is furnished by the *New Leader*, official organ of the Labour party, which is so ably conducted by Mr. H. N. Brailsford. "Our first task," writes Mr. Brailsford, in discussing the Ruhr-Mosul situation, "is to deal with our own Government. It has proclaimed benevolent neutrality towards French designs. . . . Mr. Bonar Law sees the folly of the French proceedings, but he will not utter even a plain, strong word of condemnation, since the French have some power to thwart British imperialism at Chanek and Mosul. If British Labour has any decisive political power to use at the moment, it would produce the maximum effect by insisting on the evacuation not of Cologne, but of Mosul. It is because Downing Street is grabbing oil that it dare not stop the French from grabbing coal." This is sound reasoning, but we fear that the leadership of the Labour party includes too many politicians to profit greatly by it. The Labour party is already paying the penalty of its rapid political growth, attended by heavy parliamentary responsibilities. Some of its members may raise a considerable clatter about unemployment, the housing-shortage and similar matters irrelevant to the proper business of politics; but its manifest destiny is the capturing of a political government, and, with that achieved, it must inevitably become, like any Tory or Liberal Government, the servant of monopoly and privilege in the ways of imperialism.

It takes clever diplomacy indeed to impose a peace of spoliation upon a nation that has just emerged overwhelmingly victorious from a defensive war and is in possession of an army still imbued with patriotic enthusiasm. Lord Curzon has neither the wits nor the subtlety for such a delicate task, and so the conference of Lausanne has done busted up like the dozen or more post-war conferences that have preceded it, and the British spokesman has gone home with an empty space in his wallet where he expected to carry off a document giving his Government a clear title to the oil-fields of Mosul, a first mortgage on the lands and lives still remaining to Turkey, and a pass-key to Russia's southern door. If the British Government wishes to hold fast to these privileges, it will have to do so without the advantage of any scraps of paper signed in the names of the Turkish Government and the Government of Russia.

For the present the British Government is left holding the Mosul region and Constantinople and the Straits by force of arms; and if the Turks want to get these places they will have to take them. The Turkish Government is left sovereign in the remainder of its territory in Asia Minor, where it has apparently wiped out economic concessions and privileges to unfriendly foreigners, and the capitulations which placed the nationals of the great Powers above the law; and if the British Government wishes to restore the old special prerogatives and collect

the Turkish debt which it sowed and has cultivated so painstakingly these many years, it will have no other choice than to resume negotiations or resort to force and violence.

APPARENTLY the Turks balked at the capitulations and the numerous commissions of alien control which the treaty saddled upon their country, and particularly at Lord Curzon's obstinate demands that they formally sanction every concession to foreign privilege that had been extorted under duress from the sultans of an earlier day. They agreed to postpone the question of Mosul for future negotiations, and wished to sign the portions of the treaty relating to the rest of the territory and the transfer of populations, about which there was no dispute, but Lord Curzon insisted on all or nothing, and so the conference ended in futility. Promptly from London came an outcry of blame upon French intrigue for the failure. While this idea is plausible, inasmuch as M. Poincaré, having firmly planted himself in the Ruhr, has no longer any need to play Britain's game in the Near East, it is not necessarily based on anything tangible; for of late whenever the British Government can not get its way, it bursts into tears and indignantly accuses some foreigner of having taken advantage of its innocent expectations.

It is encouraging to read, in the course of a series of articles from Moscow, appearing in the *New York Tribune* from the pen of Mr. Savel Zimand, that the Cheka, or secret-police system, has been pretty effectively disbanded; that the coercion of opinion through terrorism has ceased, and political espionage has been reduced to the proportions of a minor bureau in an inconspicuous department; while Mr. Djerzinsky, the former head of the dreaded third section of the red regime, is displaying a great aptitude for productive work at the head of the railway-system. At about the same time that we noted this happy news in the *Tribune*, we picked up a recent copy of the *San Francisco Journal* and were somewhat dashed to find on the front page the display-caption: "Soviet Executions Continue Despite Death Ban Decree—Road to Golgotha Still Trod by Thousands, Though Way is Veiled in Secrecy—Red Madness Unabated—Humane Orders Are Travesty and Moscow Dungeons Run with Blood."

THIS article, we discovered, was also one of a series, but it was not certified by a correspondent of such well-known integrity as Mr. Zimand. In fact it was anonymous, and appeared to be one of the run of Russian nightmares purchased by Mr. Frank A. Munsey, apparently in a dyspeptic hour, and widely syndicated. We read the article in order to check up Mr. Zimand, but to our astonishment we discovered that the executions heralded as news by the ambitious head-line writer were alleged to have occurred in 1920. Four of them were mentioned specifically; and for the rest, the article was a confused jumble of horrendous phrases about "modern cannibals with the claws of the Beast," "mountains of mutilated and stark corpses," "the death-throes of children shot down in the street." No specific places or dates or documentary references were given; nor was there any attempt at verisimilitude. This seems an easy and probably an inexpensive way to help fill up the news-columns, but somehow it leaves us with a feeling of respect for the superior ethical quality of editors who merely play up odorous divorce-trials, hidden scandals in high life, and other entertaining salacities.

THE Republicans in the Senate have appointed Messrs. Wadsworth and Lenroot to act as floor-lieutenants, assist-

ing Senator Lodge, who is not as vigorous as he was half a century ago. The selections seem thoroughly appropriate. Senator Wadsworth first attracted public notice when, some years ago, as speaker of the Assembly in New York State, he devoted his energies to slaughtering the mildly reformist programme put forward by Governor Charles E. Hughes; and since that time his record has shown an unswerving opposition to anything that savoured of progress. Mr. Lenroot recently denounced Senator Brookhart's advocacy of legislation to permit the establishment of co-operative banks for the farmers, as a violent form of bolshevism. This sufficiently indicates his type of mind. In one way the new appointments seem rather short-sighted, for it is extremely unlikely that the people of Wisconsin will again send Mr. Lenroot to the Senate, and unless a complete turnover transforms the political situation in the Empire State, Mr. Wadsworth's senatorial career will end with his present term.

It is said that the Republican leaders are so alarmed over the rate at which their party is slipping from public favour that they have asked Mr. Harding to take to the circuit and win back the irate taxpayers and electors by the charm of his oratory. Mr. Harding, however, is reported to have fixed his mind on a trip to Alaska, and we think he is a wiser politician than his mentors. If Mr. Harding would withdraw to the great open spaces of our northern territory, taking his entire Cabinet with him, and remain until the eve of the next national election day, we feel that a grateful people would return him a surprising dividend of confidence and good will. The Grand Old Party has undoubtedly earned a remarkable degree of unpopularity, but if it will make itself as inconspicuous as possible there is still no reason why it should not win the next election by default. Its Democratic rival seems to be a disembodied spirit, and not very much of that, and its only serious candidate thus far for Mr. Harding's place is the son-in-law of desolation.

A READER in Dubois, Idaho, has been moved by our occasional observations on the manner in which the victorious Governments in the late war have waged peace, to request us to draw upon our "reliable imagination" and describe the sort of peace a victorious German Government would have made, and what, under such a *dénouement*, would have happened to France. Fortunately, one does not have to tax one's imagination unduly over such a problem, for the Imperial German Government showed its hand clearly in this matter, in dictating the peace-treaty of Brest-Litovsk; and it was in all essentials the same hand the French and British Governments showed later at Versailles. The peace of Brest-Litovsk, just like the later one, was based on annexations, indemnities and a complete disregard of the rights of self-determination. It was a hate-encumbered, war-breeding treaty, imposed by force and trickery and buttressed by lies; and in this it did not differ from the covenant later concocted at Versailles by M. Clemenceau, Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Wilson. Beyond doubt had Germany won, her statesmen would have attempted the same game of beggar-my-neighbour at the expense of the vanquished, that M. Poincaré and his predecessors have been playing. Privilege is privilege and a politician a politician, whether the habitat be Paris or Berlin or Gomorrah. Whatever be the relative share of responsibility of the various Governments for the coming of the war, once it started, no Government carried the thing along merely for the pleasure of enjoying the scenery; and surely there is no one who would be sentimental enough to suppose that Wilhelm's political associates were less acquisitive than their opponents.

We observe with distress and anxiety that the new tariff appears to be bringing in a great deal of revenue. The collections for January are said to exceed those for any month in 1922 except September, which was a rush month, on account of the efforts of importers to bring their goods in before the new law took effect. We suggest going a little slow, however, about basing any conclusions upon this showing. Probably a good many of these commodities represent delivery on orders of pretty long standing. Before making up one's mind on the workings of the new tariff, it were better to wait a few months and see how imports hold up.

WHAT grieves us, however, is the tone of satisfaction that pervades the protectionist newspapers' view of these statistics. The tariff is supposed to protect American industry; yet if, in spite of the tariff, enough goods are actually imported to yield a record revenue, where does the protection come in? It strikes us that the benefit of a tariff can not be had both ways; it can not be had going and coming. Either you would have the revenue, as Mr. Potash might say, or either you would have the protection; but you can't have both—leastways, not at once. That is the way it seems to us; but the logic of the tariff is the logic of a world of miracle, so we can not be sure. By ordinary logic, one would say that if protection be a good thing, there can not be too much of it; and therefore instead of a tariff on foreign-made goods, there should be an embargo: and if revenue be what is wanted, more could be gotten out of the prosperity of industry thus fully protected than out of a tariff. However, these matters carry us out of our depth, so we must drop them here and swim to shore.

THE public hearing before the New York State Legislature on Governor Smith's proposal to repeal the Lusk laws, designed to establish a political espionage system and a system of "loyalty" tests, both on the tsarist model, in educational institutions in the State, brought forth lively protests from some of the political comic-supplement characters that bobbed up into a questionable prominence during the war and have since for the most part faded from the public view. Mr. Archibald Stevenson, who furnished for the Overman Committee of the United States Senate a list of American disloyalists headed by Miss Jane Addams, was on deck; and Senator Lusk himself, whose Americanism has been hall-marked sterling for all time; and Mr. Henry A. Wise Wood, who achieved distinction in the great conflict by discovering great chunks of dangerous German propaganda hidden in the economic satires of Mr. Thorstein Veblen. These patriots gave warning that it would be highly dangerous to have our children educated under teachers who were not spied upon and bedevilled by political heresy-hunters. Mr. Wood based his argument on the statement that a fifth of the population of New York City was composed of Russian and Polish Jews who were likely to overthrow the Government at any time unless the State maintained an educational system rigidly censored into conformity with Mr. Wood's peculiar social views.

The editors can not be responsible for manuscripts submitted, but if return postage be enclosed, they will do all in their power to see that rejected manuscripts are returned promptly.

It is not to be understood that articles signed with a name, pseudonym, or initials necessarily agree with the opinion of the editors, either in substance or style. They are printed because, in the editors' judgment, they are intrinsically worth reading.

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TOPICS OF THE TIME.

CLOSING AN INCIDENT.

AFTER Mr. Stanley Baldwin's extraordinary and undiplomatic outburst against the provincialism of American senators, there was little his Government could do but accept promptly the terms offered by Mr. Harding's commissioners for the settlement of Britain's war-debt to the American taxpayers. Indeed, now that Secretary Mellon has at last vouchsafed to the American principals in the matter a definite statement of the proposed arrangement, the terms seem generous indeed. The debt, according to Mr. Mellon, amounts to about four billion dollars in principal and \$600 million in interest accrued and unpaid. British Government bonds for this amount are to be issued to the American Government, these bonds to mature progressively through a period of sixty-two years. For ten years they are to bear interest at three per cent, and during the remaining period at three and one-half per cent. As Mr. McKellar of Tennessee, one of Mr. Baldwin's hayseed senators, points out, this interest-rate means that American taxpayers must pay each year a virtual bonus to the British Government, equivalent to the difference between the interest-rate paid under the agreement and the average interest-rate—now upwards of four and a quarter per cent—paid to the fortunate holders of Liberty Bonds and the like. During the first year this will amount to nearly \$60 million. In other words, the agreement amounts to a long-term funding of principal and accrued interest and a partial repudiation of future interest-payments.

We have no means of knowing whether Mr. Stanley Baldwin's peculiarly ill-tempered and insulting outburst against the legislative representatives of the creditors in the case, was deliberately planned in order to rouse the antagonism of American senators to a point that might assure rejection of the "refunding" arrangement, with the consequent postponement of any real action for an indefinite period; or whether it was merely a casual exhibition of bad manners. In either event we feel that the Senate would do well to accept the arrangement before adjournment, without too much oratorical self-indulgence. Mr. Mellon and his associates did as well as they could be expected to do under the circumstances; in fact they have displayed fairness, good temper and common sense, and while there may be legitimate criticism of their secretive technique, there is no great occasion for cavil against their performance.

We trust, however, that the sorely-pressed American taxpayers will not exult unduly over the agreement. For the first five years, according to the terms, one-half the interest may be deferred. The first payment is not due until 15 June, and, according to the pre-Volstead proverb, there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip. Moreover, as soon as the British Government announced its acceptance, the advocates of the veterans' bonus in Congress declared their intention of attaching to the "refunding" bill a rider, the effect of which will be to impound a large part of the prospective payments as an honorarium for the young men who were summoned to the colours in the war. The news-reports state that Mr. Harding is opposed to any bonus-commitments based on an agreement on the British debt, until after actual payments have been received at the Treasury Department, and we believe Congress should show its appreciation of this caution. A million in the hand is worth many times that amount in "refunding" agreements accepted in principle.

The discussion of the debt has been attended by various entertaining alarms and discursions, not the least interesting of which was the news-report that the keen disappointment professed by high officers of the British Government over Mr. Mellon's terms was due to assurances given at Downing Street last summer by two Americans of high political position that much better terms would be granted, including interest at the low figure of two per cent. It was understood, according to the British report, that these gentlemen spoke for the American people. One of them, according to the rumour, was Chief Justice Taft, and the other was Ambassador Harvey, and it is said that they imparted this assurance after a pleasant luncheon at 10 Downing Street, while strolling in the garden with Mr. Lloyd George. Apparently, undue significance has been attached to this incident. Mr. Taft is a modest citizen, and we are confident that he would not essay to speak for the American people, especially as his one notable venture in serving as their representative ended in his being repudiated at an election in which he carried only two small States. As for Mr. Harvey, in a moment of postprandial expansiveness he would be likely to say almost anything; and if he had pledged his fellow-citizens to the payment of an annual bonus to the British Government for the privilege of carrying the debt on the books of the Treasury Department, we should not be greatly astonished or concerned.

Another curious item in the discussion was the fervent insistence by certain British publicists that the British Government must be permitted to pay the debt and interest instalments in pounds sterling rather than in dollars. At present exchange-rates this would be a neat device for repudiating at one stroke some \$200 million of the principal, and a similar proportion—upwards of four per cent—of the interest. This would indeed set an amiable precedent in such matters. Under a similar arrangement, the Polish Government, to take a single example, could wipe out the \$150 million generously loaned to it by Mr. Wilson out of the funds of American taxpayers, by handing over Polish marks with a par value of \$150 million, but a real value of just \$17,000.

However, all such considerations are past and done with. In our opinion, Congress will do well to accept Mr. Mellon's arrangement with as little tub-thumping as possible, and Americans can wipe the whole business, with its implications of friction and misunderstanding, out of their minds, at least until 15 June next.

THE WEAPON OF THE STRONG.

SINCE we were lately obliged to complain of our neighbour, the *Nation*, for an editorial utterance which was extremely misleading, it gives us all the more pleasure now to call attention to the *Nation* at its very best. An editorial on Germany's practice of passive resistance in the Ruhr, in the *Nation's* issue of 7 February, examines the situation carefully and raises interesting questions. Would France be worse off than she is today if in 1914 she had offered no armed resistance to the German forces, but had let them come in freely to do as they pleased, and then simply struck? Which policy would in the long run have made more trouble for Germany? These questions are of course academic, for the diplomatic history of the pre-war period shows that if France had been of the mood and temper to practice the policy of non-resistance, she would never have been invaded. Nevertheless, these questions are interesting, and the *Nation* deals with them in an effective fashion.

We incessantly regret that there has always been such a sorry lot of sentimentalism mixed up with this matter of passive resistance. We dislike to hear it cried up as "the weapon of the weak," and to see it invested with a whole line of showy and specious moralities. The *Nation* delighted us by abstaining from that sort of thing. So far from being the weapon of the weak, passive resistance is the weapon of the strong, the cool, the far-sighted, the intelligent, the disciplined. It takes a very highly civilized people to practise passive resistance—as civilized, for instance, as the Chinese or the Indians. No Western nation is sufficiently civilized to do it; unless, as the *Nation* hints, the Germans, through force of circumstances and through grace of having been for some time the most highly civilized people in Europe, learn how to practise it in this present emergency. We, like the *Nation*, have our doubts of this, though for different reasons. The trouble on the Ruhr is not due to any question of indemnity or of France's safety; it is due merely to the question whether French or German interests shall have control in the attempted merger of German coal and French iron. As soon as that is settled, the trouble will probably subside. Nevertheless, as far as it has gone, the German experiment in passive resistance is extremely striking and instructive.

We always advocated passive resistance on grounds that have nothing on earth to do with morals or sentiment: simply because it is an irresistible weapon. We are in favour of it because it is the best means of doing the other fellow in the eye. We never urged it upon the consideration of our fellow-countrymen, because, for the reasons which we have just set forth, it is not, and for some time to come will not be, a practical suggestion. But as passive resistance has worked out among peoples who are sufficiently civilized to use it, we are convinced that it is irresistible; and the experiment in the Ruhr certainly shows *in limine* what can be done with it by a people to whom it is an alien and unfamiliar weapon, and who are none too well equipped to handle it.

Shovelling fleas across a barnyard was Lincoln's humorous notion of a hard job. We do not think it compares for difficulty with the task of administering an industrial area containing three or four million alien and disaffected persons who will not fight, work, take orders, negotiate, speak—who will not, in fact do anything that they are wanted to do, and will do everything that they are not wanted to do, mostly in the way of sabotage and obstructionism. Obviously it costs far more to administer such a district than what one can get out of it, and the incessant worry of it turns one grey besides. All those who hitherto have tried that game on the Chinese have had to give it up; some after a longer trial and some after a shorter, but always with the same result. One of the cleverest strokes of Russian Soviet policy passed practically unnoticed in this country. When the Allies set the Russo-Polish border, the Russians not only consented with alacrity, but voluntarily moved the border even farther back and let the Poles have a liberal amount of extra territory. They knew that an alien and disaffected population is worse than cockroaches, and no end harder to keep down.

One of the most troublesome things about organized passive resistance is its effect upon an army. An army has to have some sort of army opposing it, or some prospect of having one, in order to keep up its morale. If there is no fight and no apparent chance of any, the martial spirit sort of peters out under a general sense of superfluoussness and ennui. All the

earlier invaders of China were slowly digested and assimilated; they became Chinese. Should it so happen, which we doubt, that the Germans continue their peaceable boycott of the French invaders in the Ruhr, the French troops will have to be shifted about like Cook's tourists, and any exposure to the force of the boycott, however temporary, will not improve their soldierly qualities.

However, we did not set out to recommend passive resistance as a national policy, or to comment on the German boycott. The first is useless, and the *Nation* has already admirably done the second. We wish to suggest that some competent person undertake to study the Chinese and the Indians with reference to two things: first, their uncommonly handy and natural use of the boycott instead of the sword; and, second, their extraordinary development of an individualism so obdurate, apparently, that it can not be dragooned or regimentated either by force or persuasion. How did the Chinese and Indians get that way? What is in their nature and experience to give them that especial turn? These are the questions that we think just now could be discussed most fruitfully before the Western world by a really competent person. One thinks rather regretfully of Mr. Bertrand Russell. With just the right mind to be employed in that undertaking, what a pity that he did not make it his first interest when he was in China! Perhaps he will some day return and take it up; he could not, we think, employ himself more usefully.

DECLINE AND FALL.

THE steady downward trend of currency-values during the past year in all the Continental European nations that participated in the war, with the exception of Italy and Czecho-Slovakia, gives perhaps the truest measure of the decline of Europe. Any summary of these figures offers a dismal picture of the growing financial desolation in countries which a few years back formed the very heart of civilization. We give herewith a table showing the par value of the currency-units, the lowest rating in January, 1922, and the low mark reached in December. The table tells the story:

| | Par Value | January Low | December Low |
|------------------|--------------|----------------|-----------------|
| France | 19.3 | 7.93 | 6.95 |
| Belgium | 19.3 | 7.55 | 6.41 |
| Germany | 23.82 | .47 | .01 |
| Austria | 20.26 | .024 | .001 |
| Rumania | 19.3 | .70 | .56 |
| Jugoslavia | 20.3 | .330 | .277 |
| Poland | 23.8 | .03 | .0055 |
| Greece | 19.3 | 4.6 | 1.18 |
| Hungary | 20.3 | .16 | .045 |

These figures have received a further downward impetus from M. Poincaré's great imperialist adventure in the Ruhr valley, as a result of which, by 1 February this year, the German mark had dropped down to the negligible value of .0024, the French franc to 5.925, the Belgian franc to 5.18, the Polish mark to .0028.

These various currencies listed above form the mediums of exchange for nearly 200 million people who for the most part have been accustomed to live under a highly organized system of economic development. The war after the peace has broken their ability to trade in the markets of the world and stricken their whole economic and social system as with a creeping paralysis. Signor Nitti, former Premier of Italy, in his recent book on the state of Europe, does not exaggerate when he points out that unless the present

process can be checked, the civilization of Europe must inevitably dwindle to the vanishing point.

For nearly ten years now the politicians, the profiteers, the imperialists, have had their way in Europe without check or limit. Hypocrisy, stupidity and greed have played their sorry game unhindered. The peoples have been scourged and robbed and ridden by their own political masters to a degree that makes the older devastations of Vandals and Huns seem comparatively benevolent. In fact it must be plain even to Europeans of low mentality, whose intellects have been persistently drugged with nationalist propaganda, that whoever lost the war, the peoples of victor, vanquished and neutral countries alike most disastrously lost the peace. The measures of their defeat are such things as the price of bread in Paris and the extent of unemployment and pauperism in British cities, as well as the dead babies of Vienna and Berlin. The Allied politicians and their imperialist confederates won the peace, and the vanquished peoples of all countries have since been paying the crushing indemnity in the sufferings and hardships of their daily lives. The victors have been relentless. If bankruptcy is to come, it will but match the moral bankruptcy of the puppet leaders clothed in the sober guise of statesmanship, whose rule has smitten Europe like a pestilence.

To say, however, that the statesmen of our day are more vicious and ignorant than the long line of those that went before them, would indicate a lack of perspective. They have merely done what their predecessors have done over and again since political Government first began. They have merely fulfilled, through the sordid years of pre-war intrigue, during the war-time debauch of rival mendacities, and in the covenant of shame at Versailles, the laws of their being. The student of history, turning back over his pages, can pick out chapter and verse to show that thus the politicians acted in imperial Rome, in Babylon, in Nineveh. Doubtless in the Eastern deserts lie stone tablets as yet undeciphered which will demonstrate that Messrs. Clemenceau and Lloyd George, Sir Edward Grey, M. Delcassé and the Kaiser, under somewhat different names, were laying waste civilization before the dawn of history; that from the earliest days the peoples were entangled in this vicious circle of war and war-breeding peace; and that man, deluded with inspiring lies, has perpetually marched, with music and banners, to his own crucifixion.

Probably the politicians can no more change their sanguinary technique than the praying mantis who consumes her spouse during the bridal nuptials, or the sacred beetle, the famous *scarabæus sacer*, superbly frock-coated like an ambassador or an undertaker, who rolls his ball of dung exactly as he did in the days of the Pharaohs. It is geography rather than history that chiefly engrosses the political mind; but in any case it is doubtful if the politician is capable of learning from the repetitions of history that hate and destruction can breed only hate and destruction. It is said that beneath a certain Near Eastern hill-side, archaeologists dug up the remains of three successive forgotten civilizations, buried one below the other, which had lain through the ages, separated only by thin layers of earth. No doubt in the first the politicians took the sword, and the people perished with the sword; and after the earth had covered that place a new civilization sprang up, and met the same doom; and eventually a third society built its marts and temples and spawned its politicians who could not learn or remember.

Perhaps, for future archaeologists, the valley of the

Rhine will reveal tragedies as strange and moving as those turned up along the valley of the Nile.

In one of his tales Lord Dunsany relates how the gods sat upon Mowrah Nahut above the Middle City of Mlideen holding the avalanche in leash. Thus they sat smiling benevolently through all the forgotten years, while below in the city from time to time the priests carved a new idol and set it up for the people to worship, saying "Yoma is god," or again "Zungari is god." So the gods waited until the high prophet of Mlideen carved out of a great sapphire the city's hundredth god, and then upon Mowrah Nahut the gods turned away, saying: "One hundred infamies have been wrought"; and the avalanche leaped forward, howling.

"Over the Middle City of Mlideen," the tale concludes, "now lies a mass of rocks, and on the rocks a new city is builded wherein people dwell who know not the old Mlideen, and the gods are seated on Mowrah Nahut still. In the new city men worship carven gods, and the number of gods that they have carven is ninety and nine, and I, the prophet, have found a curious stone and go to carve it into the likeness of a god for all Mlideen to worship."

A WORD FOR THE MILITARIST.

WE have often wondered why people shudder at an open, frank expression of the doctrine of *Schrecklichkeit*, and why our fellow-pacifists, especially those of the liberal persuasion, have such a horror of the public utterances of military men. For our part, we never saw much in them that was either disturbing or dangerous. By the military man, we mean the true professional roughneck, the one who makes organized warfare the serious business of a lifetime. We have all the pacifist's repugnance to his occupation, and believe that on all grounds it should be done away with. It is distinctly a bad business, bad for everybody concerned, and too costly to be tolerated any longer. The man of war is an uncommonly expensive luxury, and not worth his keep. But to do him justice, when it comes to his public utterances we have usually thought him a very candid and straightforward chap, and we have given his honest logic our respectful admiration. We always know where to find him, and when we have found him, he is all there; and we could never see our way to believe that he does half as much harm as some of our squeamish friends credit him with doing.

Admiral Sims, the late Lord Roberts, General Smith—Hell-roaring Jake Smith, of lurid memory—Admiral Fisher and General Sherman are perhaps pretty fair types of the eminent soldier who has done more or less talking for publication in the course of his career. One always knew distinctly and definitely where they stood. When General Sherman said that war is hell, one knew that he could be depended upon to keep the temperature as high as possible. When Major Stewart-Murray says that "the worst of all errors in war is a mistaken spirit of benevolence," one knows exactly what he will do with an enemy when he gets his hands on him. When Admiral Sims stood up in a gathering lately—we have forgotten the occasion—and said that when the next war came, the United States' forces would use gas, treaties or no treaties, one had a deal of respect for him. These men really know their business; they have learned all the tricks of their trade and can be relied on to work them when the time comes; and one respects them because they go about their business without any buncombe or twaddle.

When Lord Roberts went down into South Africa, every one knew just what the Boers were going to

get whenever the fortunes of war went against them; and they got it, good and hard. When Hell-roaring Jake Smith gathered in his Filipino prisoners, he indulged in no highfalutin palaver about "civilized warfare"; he gave them the "water-cure." The men who are really trained to war know that there is no such thing as "civilized warfare." War is war, and it must be carried through. Its general doctrine is pretty well summed up in Sir John Fisher's formula, "Kill your enemy without being killed yourself." The general doctrine of "preparedness," too, which is the exact equivalent of the German *Schrecklichkeit*, was summed up in first class, competent, understandable shape by Sir John Fisher, when he was at the head of the British Navy, as follows:

If you rub it in both at home and abroad, that you are ready for instant war, with every unit of your strength in the first line and waiting to be first in, and hit your enemy, and kick him when he is down, and boil your prisoners in oil (if you take any) and torture his women and children, then people will keep clear of you.

These men are not dangerous, because they tell you exactly what is going to happen. If ever you fall into the hands of a professional soldier, you know beforehand precisely what he is going to do. You get a straight play for your money with Jack Fisher, with Roberts, von Tirpitz, Scheer, Hindenburg, Sims and their like. The dangerous men are the publicists who misrepresent war and the immutable methods of war; the politicians with an ax to grind, who, in the excellent phrase of Mr. Philip Guedalla, have "reduced patriotism to a conspiracy"; the propagandizing editors and newspaper-correspondents who envelop warfare in the atmosphere of King Arthur's Round Table. These, and not the professional soldiers, are the ones whose utterances are to be dreaded.

When editors, preachers and politicians begin to extol patriotism and chivalry (on our side) and to condemn inhumanity and atrocity (on the other side) it is high time for the citizen to take a protective course of instruction in the real nature of war; and he will find his most helpful instructors among the professional soldiers. If he be a German, let him learn from von Tirpitz and Ludendorff. If an Englishman, let him learn from Roberts, Kitchener and glorious old Jack Fisher—may Satan bless him! If an American, let him learn from Sims, Sherman and Jake Smith. These are honest men; they do not pretend to be anything but what they are, or that their occupation is anything but what it is. They tell the truth about themselves and their business, and do not care who knows it; and the politician, editor and propagandist do not, and can not, tell the truth about anything.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

THERE is something curiously appropriate in the fact that Geoffrey Chaucer sprang from a family of wine merchants. Such a profession may happily enough be associated with a poet whose turn of mind, grateful to the senses, was tempered also with a proverbial gaiety. It is probable that the actual name Chaucer is derived from the word *Chaufecire* or *chafe-wax*; a *chafe-wax* being the officer in the Court of Chancery whose business it was to prepare the large wax seals used for royal documents. This may also be considered apposite. For after Shakespeare, who is there in English literature who would seem to have underscored the varied manifestations of life with so emphatic and catholic a sanction?

Indeed, there is in the genial aplomb of Chaucer's verse something that leads us to surmise that this well-constituted courtier and man of affairs was blessed with a lust

for existence as unflagging as it was unequalled. From the year 1357 when, a lad of seventeen, he was provided by his good benefactor—the Lady Elizabeth—with a paltok (or cloak) and a pair of red and black breeches, till the year of his burial in Westminster Abbey, we may well believe that he contemplated with the deepest personal satisfaction, every aspect of life, happy or sad, moral or immoral, that was presented to his sly and earthbound intelligence.

Geoffrey Chaucer belongs to those poets for whom the actual, sweating, visible world is sufficient. No heavenly fanfare was able to divert his downcast eyes from the hedgerows, fish-ponds, and ale-stakes of his familiar environment. His feet are firmly planted in meadow-soil, and the heels of his pointed, mediæval shoon have ever upon them honest, grass-smelling dung from the parkland enclosures of the home counties. Not even Wordsworth has succeeded as well as Chaucer in conveying to the reader that particular thrill that comes each year in England with the first days of spring. It is no evasive thing. It has none of the intangibility of the rainy seasons in tropical lands. It is a thrill that is palpable. It is as apparent to the young, clean-hoofed steers in the growing meads as to the newly arrived cuckoo, who, all the morning long, from shrouded elms, with careless orange throat, shouts wantonly across the mild, soft-scented air. The little round roots of the celandines are conscious of it as, also, are the opening daisies. Daisies! it was not for nothing that Chaucer selected that brave, contented, little English flower to be his especial favourite. If anybody should desire some comfortable token by which he could at any time be reminded of the quality of Chaucer's poetry, let him take up a handful of daisies from a field freshly mown, and inhale their simple odour. With such an innocent bouquet against his nostrils, a bouquet so drugged with sunshine and earth-mould, surely he must catch the very flavour and indefinable aroma of the Canterbury Tales.

It is a fact that the more familiar one is with Chaucer's poetry, the more one comes to realize that probably no other portion of the earth's surface save the sod of England, would have been in accord with his sturdy temperament. In such an island, however, there is no scene or sensation that he could not, and does not, welcome. As Dryden long afterwards said of his poetry, "Here indeed is God's plenty."

Every chance incident, every stray event, every flower and animal and bird, caused him, as has been so admirably pointed out by Mr. Aldous Huxley, to "shout for joy." He is capable of deriving satisfaction from the simplest scenes: from the ungainly deportment, for instance, of one of those roguish, self-indulgent monks, so familiar a sight in the country-side of his day—

... Like Jovynian,

Fat as a whal, and walken as a swan

—or from the quite ordinary spectacle of a mortal labouring under the heat of the summer sun.

A docke-leef he had under his hood
For sweat, and for to kepe his hed from hete.
But it was joye for to see him swete;

Not a fowl of the air but he remarks upon it and appreciates its peculiarities—the "schrychyng owls," the "false lapwing, ful of treacherie,"

The swalowe murdrer of the bees smale
That maken honie of floures fresh of hew.

His composition has no taint of "moralic acid" about it. For better or for worse he is content to take the world as he finds it. Natural goodness, natural spontaneous piety, he is well able to appreciate, but naught

will persuade him that good can come from any restrictions that outrage the laws of nature. In the following stubborn lines he puts his point of view plainly enough.

But God it wot, no man so strong can prove
As to destroy a thing, the which nature
Hath naturally set in a creature;
Tak any bird, and put him in a cage,
And do all thyne entent and thy corrage
To foster it tendrely with meat and drynke
And with alle the deynties thou canst be thinke,
And keep it alle so kindly as thou may:
Although his cage of gold be never so gay,
Yet hath this brid, by twenty thousand fold,
Lever in a forest, that is wylde and cold
Gon eten wormes and such wrecchidnes.

Indeed, one finds, quite continually in his writings, the frankest recognition and avowal of every pleasure that is to be derived from the senses. In such matters as often as not, he caused the "Wyf of Bathe," a woman naturally broad of mouth, to act as his spokesman. Ideals of chastity, she asserts, are all very well for those

That wolde lyve parfytly
But, Lordyngs, by your leve, that am not I
.....
I nil envye no virginitee.

"Round of schape" and "elvish by his countenance" we are justified in supposing that Chaucer himself was not one to forgo any of those temptations which may be regarded as man's rightful heritage. Without doubt he was, to use Sir Thomas Urquhart's favourite language, an "Honest Cod," and one who, to his great content, could inhale the early morning air, as he set out in the direction of Canterbury, with the delightful April sunshine glancing down upon the tiles, and cornices, and swinging weather-vanes of Southwark, five hundred years ago!

How essentially, how intimately English the famous poem is! So admirably has he managed to interweave the various tales with the encounters and casual dialogues of the actual wayfaring, that long before Broughton on Blee is reached, we have come to feel that we ourselves might be one of the company, so vividly is the motley troop brought before our imagination as it ambles forward, up hill and down dale, across the broad hop-bearing acres of Kent!

What excellent matter is contained in the Tales themselves. The most Rabelaisian of them make good reading. Who can forget, for example, that scene in the raftered room of the old Mill house at "Trompyngtoun nat fer fro Cantebrigge"?

For at an hool in schon the moone bright,

And what description of a young girl could be more realistic and living than that of Alisoun? With one audacious stroke he likens her limber body to that of a weasel, and when one recalls the swift, supple movements of that particular animal, could anything be more provocative? Her voice is like the sound of a swallow "chiteryng on a berne" while her appearance is lovely as a pear tree in early bloom; she is softer to the touch than the wool on the back of a sheep, and she is fragrant as a heap of apples laid away in hay or heather.

There is sufficient evidence, however, to prove that Geoffrey Chaucer's attitude to women was not always qualified with so gracious an appreciation.

Ther nys, i-wis, no serpent so cruel,
When men trede on his tail, ne half so fel,
As woman is, when sche hath caught an ire.

After the Host of the Tabard Inn had listened to the

tale of the sweet gentleness of Prudence, the wife of Melibeus, he is made to exclaim with heartfelt intensity:

As I am a faithful man,
And by the precious corpus Madryan
I hadde rather than a bare ale
That good woman my wyf had herd this tale.
For she is no thing of such pacience
As was this Melibeus wyf Prudence.
By Goddes boones! whan I bete my knaves,
She bringeth me forth the grete clobbered staves,
And crieth, 'sley the dogges every one!
And breke of them the bak and eek the bone!'

Chaucer evidently felt in sympathy with that old saying which declares that a woman should be absent from her home only three times during her life—"when she is christened, when she is married, and when she is buried." He recognized what dangers lie even in the mere possession of fine clothes!

And if the cates skin he sleek and gay,
She will not dwell in house half a day
But forth she will, every day be dawet
To show her skin an gon a caterurawet.

Are we to attribute such passages to a bitter personal experience? Was his Philippa, with whom for so many years he was wont to share the pitcher of wine that he had daily from the King's cellar, something of a thorn in the old man's flesh? Certain well-known lines would seem to indicate as much.

It is at any rate quite clear that "the ancient and learned English poet" was not easily to be fooled, was in fact fully awake to what takes place in "This wyde world, which men seye is round." He regarded with complacent amusement every anomaly, every extravagance! He does not in the least resent the impostures practised by the Church. There is not a grain of malice in his description of the Pardoner and his merry ways:

Then peyne I me to strecche forth my necke,
And est and west upon the poeple I bekke,
As doth a pigeon, sytting on a loft

He is not in the least put out by the fact that the rascal goes through the shires with the shoulder bone of "an holy Jewes shepe" under his cassock; a relic which he declares would cause any well water into which it was dipped to cure the farmer's flocks of "scabbe" and "wormes."

By this gaude have I wonnen every yeer
An hundred mark, synce I was pardoner

Nor does the following outrageous avowal seem at all to disturb him:

For myn entent is nought but for to wynne,
And no thing for correccion of synne.
I rekke never at their burying
Though that their soules go blackberrying.

Dangerous as was any display of levity or unbelief in those days, he can not altogether refrain on certain occasions from revealing the inherent scepticism of his own mind:

A thousand tymes have I herd men telle,
That ther is joye in heven and peyne in helle;
And I accorde wel that hit is so;
But natherless, yit wot I wel also,
That ther nis noon dwelling in this countree,
That either hath in heven or helle y-be.

His descriptions of the changing seasons are always admirable. Has the spirit of Christmas time, one wonders, when "frostie fieldfares" are abroad everywhere

on the chilled ploughed lands, ever found happier expression than in these lines?

The bitter frostes with the sleet and reyn,
Destroyed hath the green in every yerd
Janus sit by the fyre, with double berd,
And drinketh of his bugle-horn the wyne;
Before him stant the braun of tusked swyne,
And 'Nowel' cryeth every lusty man.

But celebrate as he may the delights of the "bugle-horn," as the son of a vintner, he can not refrain from volunteering some shrewd advice about the white wine of Lepe which in his day was to be bought in Cheap Street, London.

Of which there ryseth such fumositie
That when a man hath dronken draughtes three
And weneth that he be at hoom in Chepe
He is in Spayne, right at the tounne of Lepe.

Chaucer died in the year 1400 and was the first of the great English poets to be buried in that side chapel of Westminster Abbey which is now known as the Poet's Corner. His pilgrimage was over at last: those long years of courtly service; those summer nights when it was, as he tells us, his habit to sleep out of doors; and his strange relationship with Cecilie de Champaigne! There, to this day, "nayed in his chest" lie the bones of this man who was to become the "deere maister and fadir" of so many great writers; the bones of this genial man, "jolly as a pye" who, one may believe, was well content to have lived in just such a land and in just such a century.

But, Lord Christ, when that it remembreth me
Upon my youth, and on my jollite
It tikilith me aboute myn herte-roote!
Unto this day it doth myn herte boote,
That I have had my world as in my tyme.

LEWELYN POWYS.

A WORKING-CLASS ARISTOCRACY.

THE present form of government in Russia might be fairly accurately described as a predominantly working-class oligarchy. Behind the transparent façade of the Soviet Constitution all real political power rests in the hands of the Communist party, an organization of about 500,000 members. The Russian Communists are not a parliamentary political party in the ordinary sense of the term. They could not, for instance, be turned out of power without some sort of violent upheaval. Their grip on the organs of executive, legislative and judicial power is absolute. The elections to the All-Russian Soviet Congress invariably result in the election of eighty or ninety per cent of the Communist candidates, with a minority of sympathetic non-partisans and here and there a lonely Menshevik or Social Revolutionist. Party-members hold all the most responsible governmental positions. The highest courts, the so-called revolutionary tribunals, which alone possess the right to impose death-sentences, are dominated by Communists. In the economic field it is sometimes found necessary to employ in important posts politically neutral or hostile specialists and engineers; but there is always some more or less effective provision for Communist supervision and control. The new officers of the Red army are trained in special military schools, where they are surrounded with memorials of the civil war, given courses in the Marxist interpretation of history, and imbued in every possible way with an ardent faith in the ideals and achievements of the revolution.

The Russian Communists have built up one of the strongest political dictatorships in history. Organized

opposition to it inside Russia at the present time has practically ceased to exist. It lies outside the scope of this article to analyse in detail the causes which have led to this dictatorship. It was brought into existence by the same factor which was responsible for the Jacobin dictatorship in France: the absolute necessity, from the revolutionary standpoint, of creating a powerful and ruthless centralized authority in order to cope effectively with the double menace of foreign invasion and domestic counter-revolution. It has survived far beyond its Jacobin counterpart, partly because of the flexibility of the Communists in accommodating their programme to changing circumstances and to the pressure of popular demand, and partly because of the extraordinary political apathy of the great mass of Russia's illiterate peasants. Putting aside the rather academic question whether there was a moral justification for the dictatorship (a question which every individual is certain to answer in accordance with his own sympathies and prejudices), it is my purpose to describe some of the outstanding characteristics of the revolutionary sect which now possesses full mastery over Russia's political fate.

The first thing that must impress every foreign observer of the Russian Communist party is its genuinely working-class character. According to the latest available statistics, 46.5 per cent of the party-membership is composed of manual workers, 24.2 per cent of office-workers, 24 per cent of peasants, and 5.3 per cent of members of other classes, including, presumably, Government officials and intellectuals. These figures do not, I think, give an adequate idea of the predominance of the manual workers in the Communist ranks. Many of the peasant Communists, for instance, are former factory-operatives who have gone back to their villages; and office-workers, especially those in responsible positions, are often hastily trained manual workers whose loyalty to the new regime is considered unquestionable. It would probably not be an exaggeration to say that at least two-thirds of the party-membership possess a background of industrial labour; and this in a country where the number of strictly industrial workers is less than one-tenth of the total population.

It is not only in the rank and file of the party that one finds this genuinely proletarian character. At least as high a proportion of former manual workers are to be found among the men who have risen to high positions on the wave of revolution. This fact was brought home to me very forcibly during a visit to the Ukraine. The President of the Ukrainian Soviet Republic was a metal-worker. The head of the Kharkov provincial Supreme Economic Council (the body regulating the local State industries) was a blacksmith. The Ukrainian Commissar for Justice was a Cossack farmer. The manager of a large textile-factory near Kharkov was a woman who had sweated out her youth in a Petrograd factory at a wage of three kopecks a day. These instances could be multiplied indefinitely. The fact that so many high posts are held by former workers and peasants has unquestionably strengthened the hold of the Soviet Government on the loyalty of the Russian masses. Officials who come from the people, who dress and live, in most cases, little better than the ordinary worker or peasant, who are known usually for their work and their sufferings in the revolutionary movement, can demand sacrifices and survive blunders which would send a Government of business-men and middle-class politicians tottering to its fall.

At the same time a Government in which the most

responsible posts are held by men who are learning their technique of political and industrial administration on the job, so to speak, labours under some obvious and appalling handicaps. That a rough workingmen's party, a party led by strike-agitators and Marxist theoreticians, should have seized and held power, even without foreign interference, would in itself have been amazing enough. But the first three years of the revolution were marked by continuous foreign interference in the shape of armed intervention, blockade and subsidized counter-revolution. That the Communists should have developed sufficient military and administrative effectiveness to drive out the foreign invaders, to crush the counter-revolution at home, and to set their own power, after five years of difficult testing, on the firmest possible basis, is one of the most remarkable triumphs of sheer fanatical energy recorded in history. This triumph can only be understood in the light of the two most striking characteristics of the party: its discipline and its idealism.

The Russian Communists in their organization strongly resemble the Jesuits. In securing recruits they aim at quality rather than number; and for this reason the membership of the party has tended to decrease during the last two years. It is far from easy to secure admission to the party. Industrial workers are given preference over peasants and intellectuals as candidates; but even an industrial worker must first be recommended by three party-members in good standing and pass through a six months probationary period, during which time every step he takes is closely watched. If his conduct and theoretical knowledge are judged satisfactory, his application for membership is formally granted at the end of this period. He must then be prepared to leave all personal life behind him; his place of residence, his work, his manner of life are dictated entirely by the party. He may want to write poems or paint pictures; but if he is ordered to serve in the Red army for propaganda-work or to collect the grain-tax in a refractory district, he must carry out his instructions unquestioningly.

The party constantly struggles to get rid of its unworthy and incompetent elements. Drunkenness and gambling are regarded as serious offences, and are liable to be punished with expulsion. Any pursuit of private gain is also a fatal disqualification, although under the new economic policy the Communist managers of nationalized industries are expected to drive as good bargains as possible for the State. Party-members convicted of corruption are not only expelled, but often shot. Lesser sins are more mildly punished. If, for instance, a party-member becomes what the Russians call bureaucratized, if he becomes overbearing and arrogant in the exercise of his power, he is likely to find himself sent to work in a factory in order to get a new baptism of the proletarian spirit. As a further means of self-purification, the party resorts to periodic cleansings, in which members who are considered to have fallen short of the highest standards of duty are expelled by tens of thousands. At the beginning of the last great cleansing, which took place in 1921, the Communist party in Russia (excluding the Ukraine) numbered 560,970 members. At the end of the weeding-out process 138,095, more than a quarter of the total membership, had been expelled. Of course no system of control is perfect; and it is undeniable that there are careerists in the Communist ranks who are clever enough to escape all the cleansings, while honest party-members are sometimes unjustly cast out. But in the main this policy of rigorous and constant self-examination saves the party from

the danger of degenerating into a stagnant bureaucracy, and keeps it representative of the best character and intelligence of the Russian working-class. If the critics of the Communists can justly call their Governmental system an oligarchy, the Communists can reply with equal justice that it is also an aristocracy, an aristocracy not of birth or of wealth, but of merit.

Any new problem that comes up is discussed with the utmost freedom within the party-ranks. All the phases of the question are threshed out at public and private meetings, and the columns of the party-press are thrown open to prolonged and often heated debates. Parenthetically it must be observed that, while no opposition newspapers are tolerated in Russia, the Communists are quite unsparing in self-criticism whenever a case of corruption or incompetence is brought to light. Once a decision is taken by either the party-executive or the party-congress, individual judgment is absolutely subordinated to the will of the majority. Whether the decision involves a new land-policy, a strengthening of the co-operatives or a carrying out of some new scheme of industrial organization, every party-member is bound to work for its success, regardless of his personal opinion about its advisability.

Such strict discipline as the Russian Communists impose upon themselves could only be the product of a compelling inner idealism. The prophet of their faith is Karl Marx, whose portrait can be found in almost every Government office, factory, and workers' club in Russia. Only a few of the Communist leaders are thorough Marxian scholars; but every member of the party must possess a rudimentary knowledge of the outstanding points of the Marxist doctrine.

The Communists are severely and dogmatically materialistic in their interpretation of history, politics, philosophy and human character. They lay tremendous stress upon the environmental factor in conduct. I recall vividly a long argument which I had with the editor of a Communist paper who insisted that Maxim Gorky's repeated shifts of attitude towards the revolution could be attributed to the circumstance that Gorky, having always been a casual labourer, never enjoyed the opportunity to acquire the disciplined collectivist will which comes from working with many other men in a large factory.

Any form of religious faith, like any form of nationalist feeling, is a bar to party-membership. The Communists are not philosophic sceptics or doubters; they are dogmatic atheists. In all their publications they drive home their firm conviction that God and immortality are bourgeois myths, invented for the purpose of enslaving the proletarian masses. The willingness of men who hold as a primary article of faith that death is the end of human existence, to give up their lives for their ideal should furnish an interesting subject of philosophic and psychological investigation. The Puritans, the Jesuits and the early Mohammedans all paralleled the courageous fanaticism of the Communists, but these groups were sustained by an intense, glowing faith in personal immortality. That Communism should exact equal sacrifices from its devotees without promising any similar definite compensation is an impressive testimony of the extent to which the Marxist economic theory has been transformed into a potent spiritual force by the grime and rush and fatigue of the modern factory-system.

The Russian Communists are not revolutionary impossibilists of the type of Robespierre and De Valera. They will always compromise and retreat, rather than immolate themselves on a barren altar of devotion to some absolutely unattainable goal. Perhaps

it is the predominance of realistic workingmen over doctrinaire intellectuals within the party-ranks that accounts for the fact that so much practical flexibility exists side by side with so much theoretical rigidity. The most striking demonstration of Communist realism was the adoption of the new economic policy, or, as the Russians call it, the Nep. The adoption of this policy, with its free trade, its relaxation of monopolistic management of industry by the State, its revival of money- and banking-systems, its toleration of open speculation and glaring material inequality—all this involved a most radical departure from the policies which had prevailed during the era of military communism and civil war. Some of the more tender-minded Communists could not reconcile themselves to the changes. Some of them withdrew from the party, a few of them desparingly committed suicide. But, once convinced by Lenin's arguments and by the still more cogent teachings of experience, that the Nep offered the only way of escape from economic catastrophe, the great majority of the party-members grimly set to work to ensure its success, while at the same time guarding as far as possible against its worst evils. So, on one hand, they permit full freedom of internal private trade, while combatting excesses of profiteering and speculation by means of co-operative and Government stores. They lease factories which the State is unable to operate, holding the lessees to a strict observance of the labour-laws and to definite standards of production. They discount and tolerate an enormous amount of cheating and sabotage on the part of the old specialists and factory-owners, punishing the more flagrant cases of corruption with the firing-squad, but placing more reliance on the thousands of young workers whom they are already training in high schools and universities to be the "*krasnie spets*" (Red specialists) of the future. The older party-members spend every minute of their spare time in study, desperately struggling to make up for their lack of commercial and technical training in order that they may be able to compete with the new business-men of the Nep on something like equal terms.

In this connexion I remember one pale, harassed-looking Communist worker who had just been appointed financial controller of a very important State undertaking. Like nearly all the young and able-bodied Communists whom I met, he had served on several fronts in the civil war. Now he felt himself confronted with a more complicated problem than that of beating down Kolchak, Denikin and Yudenitch.

"Our old-time specialists cheat me right and left now," he said bitterly. "They bring me a paper to sign that seems quite proper on the surface; and then it turns out that I have given away some valuable concession which ought to have been kept for the State. I have always been a worker, and I never had a chance to learn much about finance. But now I stay up late every night, studying methods of auditing and accounting and control; and a year from now I do not think it will be so easy to cheat me."

Is the new economic policy, as the Communists themselves are honestly convinced, only a stage in Russia's progress towards their ideal of a classless State in which the enormous amount of energy that has always been expended on bickerings between capital and labour can be turned to more social and productive ends? Or will the Nep do what blockade and intervention could not do? Will Russia be imperceptibly transformed into a middle-class republic, with all the class-divisions and inequalities which might have existed under a Government headed by Miliukov or Kerensky?

It is too soon, I think, to venture an answer to these questions. To-day one can find in Russia things which would seem to warrant either the gloomiest or the most hopeful prophecies about the country's future.

In the meantime, what can one say of this audacious band of working-class revolutionists, who fought their way from East Side tenements and Swiss *émigré* boarding-houses and Siberian prisons to the highest seats of power, who inaugurated the most advanced of social experiments in the most backward of European countries, who now occupy the paradoxical position of being at once the bogymen of foreign conservatives and the most sober constructive force working for Russia's economic restoration? A Western liberal is likely to be alienated at every turn by the dogmatic philosophy and the rough methods of the Russian Communist. Yet it is difficult to withhold a tribute of admiration to the daring of their faith and the scope of their achievement. With no military experience, they created the strongest army in Eastern Europe. With absolutely no practical knowledge of political and economic administration, they not only ousted the former Russian privileged class from power, but also maintained the revolution against the intermittent assaults of the strongest military Powers of the world. They made energy and devotion a substitute for technique to a degree that seems simply incredible; and they are learning to become merchants and engineers with the same untiring zeal and application which they showed in making themselves soldiers and statesmen.

"The sacred madness of the brave." This is how Maxim Gorky, who perhaps saw as clearly as anyone both the good and the evil of the revolution, once apostrophized Lenin. However the Communist adventure may turn out, this phrase of Gorky's is worthy to stand as its historic epitaph.

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN.

EGYPTIAN MONOTHEISM.

THE Chapters of Coming Forth by Day, commonly known as the Egyptian Book of the Dead, incorporate every detail of the old religion, from the worship of surviving tribal gods to the sublime concept which King Khu en Aten (Amenhotep IV) taught to his people. For such a conservative and devout race, the excision of any symbol or sacred name from the liturgy would have been unendurable sacrilege. About 3500 B. C., when the first chapter of "Coming Forth by Day" was set down by the scribes, many of the symbols were already so ancient that the men who wrote them were ignorant of their significance. Yet all were retained, for all were holy to the traditional-minded people of the Nile. Thus, the accumulated ramifications of four thousand years, embodying the cults of old local gods, gods taken over from foreign nations, and various primitive beliefs, almost obscure that inner faith which remained immutable through all the years in the hidden places of the temple.

To understand that inner faith, one must unravel the single thread which runs in golden continuity through the shadowy mass of exterior symbolism. The Egyptian pantheon, with all its complications, is simple enough in principle. At the head stand the nine great divinities: Ra, the Sun, who signifies the One God; Shu and Tefnet, who came forth from the mouth of Ra, and who, in turn, begat the earth-god Seb and the sky-goddess Nout, whose children were Osiris, Isis, Set, and Nephthys. Now obviously these separate

divinities, however real they may have been to the people, held for the priests a significance which is easy to follow. The Nine, as well as the less important groups of gods, were simply different aspects of the One God. Ra is the self-created life-principle from whom proceed the male and female, or powers of reproduction (Shu and Tefnet). From the twofold law of reproduction comes forth the material Cosmos, Seb, the Earth, and Nout, the Sky, and out of them springs human divinity: Osiris, who became mortal that he might redeem mortality; Set, his brother and adversary, who brought about the Passion of Osiris; Isis, the wife of Osiris, who by her occult powers raised him from the dead and became the mother of resurrection, and Nephthys, wife of Set, who aided Isis and comforted her. Although Set slew Osiris, he is in no manner to be considered the Egyptian Satan or Evil One; he, too, was a god and played a necessary part in an encounter which can not be judged by the moral laws of humanity. In other words, Set the Destroyer is as worthy of worship as Osiris the Creator, since without death there can be no resurrection from matter.

To these Nine Gods we must add the generation of the younger Horus and a host of other deities, such as Tehuti, or Thoth, who successfully pleaded the cause of Osiris against Set in the Judgment Hall and gave the arts and writing to mankind; Anubis, who by skilful embalming, preserved the earthly body of Osiris until his spiritual body was ready to receive him; Bastet, the goddess of joy; Hathor, the love-giver; Sechmet, the lion-headed Lady of War; Ptah, the moulder of forms; and scores of others, each with a definite duty to perform.

It is clear that each of these gods is merely a single attribute of the One, a child of the life-principle. Furthermore, the various gods and goddesses frequently merge into one another, change names and characteristics and symbols. Thus, Ra is the Young Man Horus when he arises in the East; when he sets in the West, he is the Old Man Tem. Nout and Hathor share the sky and exchange identities. After the Passion of Osiris, gods and men alike gain through his victory the power of taking his name and becoming part of him, of being born in his birth-chamber, of being slain with him, and of rising with him from the dead. Indeed, most of the gods are actually represented, at one time or another, as descending into the flesh and repeating the ordeal of Osiris. Thus the gods are individual traits of the One, as distinct and as unified as the Three Persons of the Trinity.

The Chapters of Coming Forth by Day provide verbal proof of this doctrine, which no hair-splitting can set aside, since the words are unequivocal. Beside numerous references to the One and the One God, there are many more explicit statements, from which I quote the following:¹

It is Tem . . . or, as others say, it is Ra.

I am Yesterday. I am To-day. Yesterday is Osiris and To-day is Ra.

O One, Mighty One, of *myriad forms and aspects*.

O Thou glorious Being, thou who art dowered with all sovereignty!

O thou Eternal, thou Only One.

The reader must not conclude from this that the Egyptian laity was convincingly monotheistic; such was not the case. But amid all the apparent confusion of the system, there was an ordered unity which the initiates knew well. The best analogy is found in the

Roman Catholic Church, with its tripartite One manifested through the myriad forms of archangels, angels, and saints; each an individual, yet each a part of the mystical body of Christ. The Roman Catholic laity may be prone to emphasize the manifestations, and to single out for particular veneration the Virgin Mother or some less conspicuous saint, with the effect, perhaps, of removing the Godhead to a more remote shrine. This partakes of the nature of a refined polytheism. Indeed, the loveliest and most profound experiences of humanity have always induced a turning aside from the straight road of the One, who is too nebulous and awful for intimate contemplation, and have lured the spiritual traveller into the chapel of some less divine but more human luminary.

From a review of these facts, one is led to believe that the monotheistic revolt of King Khu en Aten was less a break with tradition than a revelation of secret doctrine to the vulgar gaze. This remarkable personage, with his strangely sensuous yet mystical face, was of that elect company who can not endure the existence of darkness, and desire to let their light shine before men. Therefore, he attempted his grand reformation, and flashed the full dawn of spiritual revelation on a people whose eyes, accustomed to the shadows, were only dazzled and blinded by the glare. He put away the Many and publicly acknowledged the One, whom he worshipped under the symbol of Aten, the Sun Disk; and changed his own name from Amen-hotep—Servant of Amen—to Khu en Aten—Glory of the Disk. In a country where priests of various deities form a large and powerful element in the population, such a change is not lightly suggested or easily accomplished. Although Khu en Aten put away the many gods and their priesthoods, he was worn out by the struggle. He breathed life into his religion, his own life; and as the religion waxed in spiritual strength, he waned in physical well-being, and, after a reign of about twelve years, he died. The immense hostility which he conquered only at the cost of his own life sprang from three sources: the conservative and devout temper of his subjects, the fury of priests deprived of their benefices, and, finally, the horror of all the initiates at this frank avowal of doctrines which were the secret of the inner courts of the Temple. After his death, the old cults swept back into power under King Tut-ankh-Amen. His monuments and his name were effaced. He was darkly referred to as the Criminal and the Heretic, but his criminal heresy consisted merely in this: that he attempted to teach real orthodoxy to his people. The beautiful hymns that he wrote contain no more "heresy" than the earlier hymns to the Sun, unless we consider as heretical the omission of the pantheistic catalogue and genealogy. For the traditional hymns to the Sun contain the apostrophe "O Thou Eternal! Thou Perfect! Thou Only One!" The religion of Khu en Aten was simply an amplification of that apostrophe.

This king remains, then, not the originator of monotheism, but the teacher of a recognized doctrine to a people unprepared for it. If anything, the courage and beauty of his nature are shown to be even more majestic from this point of view. Had he invented the faith, he would have been little more than a fanatical innovator; as it is, he was an isolated crusader striving to give unto the meanest of his subjects the same sublime vision which was vouchsafed to a privileged minority of intelligent or ordained individuals. Time defeated him; his system collapsed and the old polytheistic beliefs were re-established. But it should not be forgotten that this polytheism was nothing more

¹ See "The Book of the Dead." E. A. Wallis Budge. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

than the external aspect of a religion which acknowledged the One God, and, with that faith as its essential power, held sway over the most important part of the ancient world for more than four thousand years.

ROBERT HILLYER.

LARRY AND I.

My good friend Larry Harkness, in the heat of discussion a few nights ago, suggested that I "was no man" because I do not support my family. The heat had been almost altogether on his side, but very successfully he transferred most of it to me with this accusation. I am especially vulnerable at this point; it is the region of so many old wounds not yet well defended with scar-tissue, often suppurating. I felt the familiar pain of these wounds shooting through me again and gave way to an anger that rendered me imbecile and inarticulate. He saw that he had hit below the belt in the excitement of what had been the friendliest sparring, and changed the subject; and finally the scar-tissue began to form again over my unhappy consciousness of having badly acquitted myself in the material issues.

The rationalization of my default, of course, strikes back at Larry, or rather it grapples and restrains him, for, I give you my word, I have overcome the desire for reprisal on him or the world he represents. I see now that I could have pinioned him with either one of two grips. I might have taken the position that potentially at least I do support my family, for, since I gave up working as an unskilled labourer, I have been able to earn a poor man's wages by writing; wages which Larry, as an employer of field-hands, considers adequate to the support of the Cracker families of the district. He has often scoffed at my contention that they are barely sufficient to support life, that the huge profits of orange-growing are milked from cheap, tractable labour.

I know what Larry's reply would have been and I see how it would have given me an opening for another hold, as effective as I used to find the three-quarter Nelson in wrestling. Larry would have replied that a field-hand's wages are enough for a field-hand's family of four, but not enough for mine. "It all depends on what you are used to," he would have said with an air of finality that would have given him up to my devices.

"It all depends on what you are used to!" That explains Larry Harkness's grave difficulties as neatly as any diagnosis that has been made of his three nervous breakdowns by any of the nerve specialists who have taken his blood pressure and dissected his soul in the last ten years. It explains that nervous break-down of my own at twenty-three and my subsequent shirking of the competitive life. The rationalization of my defaults and the criticism of Larry's persistent and faithful battering of his head against the stone wall of his temperament and the circumstances which ensue from it, begin and end with this remark of his which should have dismissed the whole subject: "It all depends on what you are used to!"

Larry and I were born in the year 1890 of well-to-do but honest parents, begotten of fathers of Puritan-pioneer ancestry whose energies were drafted in early manhood, at the close of the Civil War, for the swift and enormous material development of a vast continent. When we came of age and presently found ourselves, because of a serious disposition and emotional continence—inherited no doubt from a long line of similarly disposed ancestors—eager to found families true to the honest American type, we came up hard against this "what we were used to." We were earning in business the hundred or so a month that our fathers had found adequate to their light housekeeping in the late 'seventies, but which was hopelessly, ridiculously inadequate to our needs in the light

of "what we were used to." Striving to leap the gap into executive positions that would pay the appropriate ten thousand a year, we fell into the hands of psychiatrists, who turned us out of their sanatoriums into country living and the marriages which were as strongly recommended as a quiet life in the country.

But we were ashamed of the little we could earn out of the blunders of our first years of agriculture and our wives were even more ashamed than we were of the anomalous social position in which we found ourselves. So Larry and I, with mended nerves, returned to mercantile life. The war rescued me from another melancholy decline and fall. (I was surprised to find that such hardships and hazards as I had to endure in nine months service in the gas-zone were as nothing to the stresses of commercial life in New York.) But Larry—peace hath her casualties as well as war—soon succumbed to another nervous collapse. He picked himself up from this second catastrophe and flung himself again into Wall Street, this time to auction off his entire wealth of energy at the desired figure of ten thousand dollars a year. Immediately his nervous organization shattered for the third time, this time in a rather alarming fashion.

After the war I had returned to New York and expended in seven, the vigour that eighteen months of savage living in the army had stored up in me. The little hope and strength that remained to me after this short post-war sojourn in mercantile life impelled me to flee to the country again. This time I sought the last frontier of the United States, central Florida, the shades of all my pioneer ancestors escorting me as I cleared and planted virgin soil in Polk County and later, during an excursion to the North-west, irrigated fat soil recently reclaimed from the desert. But I foresaw that the life led by a rancher's wife on the benches of Washington would be too harsh for a wife used to suburban comfort. Florida, with its pioneering *de luxe*, would be a juster compromise between her desire for settled ways and my abhorrence of the whole of industrial civilization.

We had been settled in central Florida for many months when Larry went down for the third time into the torments of nervous prostration, and, during his convalescence, I could very effectively invoke, with glamorous facts about orange-growing in a new land, the pioneer qualities of independence and candour which the sharp practices and intricate "politics" of Wall Street had changed into impotence and despair. But when Larry came to Florida he brought his demon with him and it was this demon, not Larry, who struck the other night at my incompetence to make money.

My incompetence to make money? Yes, let me confess it with all my heart; and let me confess that this incompetence is the point of departure for the sincere and dignified desire that is the chief fact, the major purpose of my life—my desire to work faithfully and creatively for immaterial ends. I am in the unhappy but hopeful position of the mud-fish about which Mr. H. G. Wells writes in his "Outline of History." The mud-fish, you will remember, fled a competitive life with sharks in the high seas and, in the mud of river mouths, was forced for his dear life to develop the organs which made possible transition from the sea to the land. Larry Harkness remains to battle with heavily-armoured fish who have the advantage over his thin-skinned candour. He is fighting the process of evolution as well.

Larry, in other words and from my standpoint, is an anachronism, or, among sensitive and finely constituted Americans, soon to be one. He is the last spurt of the impetus which made his father and mine creators of a vast material development and, incidentally, well-to-do or wealthy men. I should have asked Larry Harkness the

other night what he intends to do when he has added, if he can, to the surplus of wealth that his father and his father-in-law have accumulated for him and for his wife, as much or more of the world's goods. I should have asked him what he expects in ten years of his own son, now eleven years old. Must Larry junior, on his own account strain his earning-capacity until it breaks or until it wins for him what he, poor urchin, is already used to? Or must the boy face and solve a problem which his father hands on to him untouched—the problem of how to make fruitful and dignified the potential leisure that his father, his grandfather and all his ancestors since the Pilgrim Fathers have been labouring to create?

I know what Larry does not know, or will not admit: that this leisure, in so far as it is not a state of mind, like Thoreau's leisure, is founded on a basis for which there is no ethical justification. Viewed realistically and upon its infirm material basis, as the chief fact in the lives of so many young men of the upper-middle classes, what is going to be done about it? The sensitive minds of the generation which is now the other side of middle age, spent their privileged leisure in criticizing the unethical basis of what they enjoyed. The generation now in its late thirties and early forties carries this criticism more deeply and widely, with greater sophistication, into the state of mind which holds us in a condition of arrested development, ethically and aesthetically. But the era of revolution in politics is closed for the time being; the steadfast poor are again postponing their day and patiently supporting the superstructure of what is so much less than a civilization; and the attitude of mind which still preserves the harshest phases of puritan and pioneer morality will, because of the assaults of contemporary critics, have wholly vanished in another generation. The problem of the coming generation is how to vindicate its leisure, whether founded on wealth or achieved as a state of mind, in creating new values to take the place of these that lie about us in the discard.

But how could I justify my life to Larry Harkness by saying that I am one of thousands whose dreams of these new values will one day take shape in some unpredictable form of wisdom which is better than fine gold? In his eyes this vague statement would not excuse my indigence. I must cease apologizing to Larry and the world he represents for not labouring for what he and I and it are use to.

TOWNSEND HILLS, JUN.

LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

DARKEST BAVARIA.

SIRS: It is hard for people to understand each other unless they mean to express hunger, greed, love or hate. If, in addition, they speak different languages, have different customs and different traditions, an understanding among them is wellnigh impossible; for words are replete with meanings peculiar to the manner of each nation's life. That is why comrades in drudgery and indigence have no trouble in understanding each other; for common suffering is the universal language of the masses. That is why the lonely dweller of intellectual or emotional solitudes is never understood. Zealots, fighting for mankind, determined to force their own thoughts and feelings upon others, are admirable in their way; but every one of their disciples hears his teacher's words differently and unconsciously colours them to suit his own particular philosophy.

Last fall some American friends sought me out in Munich. They wanted information about Bavaria and about Germany; indeed, they sympathized with Germany. Well, we had some conversations, the parties to it sitting, as it were, each on his own locomotive, at opposite ends

of a tunnel. The engines whistle; we are headed for each other; there must be a collision! But, lo! with headlights glaring, but on different tracks, we harmlessly thunder past each other. It was almost like a dialogue from one of Wedekind's plays. None of our favourite phrases ever met; they all went askew. "Our democracy," "your democracy"; "our socialists," "your socialists"; "our capitalists," "your capitalists"; "our pacifists and bolsheviks," "your pacifists and bolsheviks!"

With one of my American friends I went on a walking-tour. I intended to show him the country-side, with its people at work and at play, hoping that he might thus be able to appraise their character. Africa was explored by Stanley, an American, a newspaper-man; one of the greatest explorers. My American friend was a newspaper-man; why could not he successfully explore darkest Bavaria? We chanced upon an ancient farmhouse upon whose door-casing, black with age, was carved the year 1540. This wooden habitation of the grey past, still housing the living within its walls, I showed to my American friend who had been reared among the splendours of far-away New York. He looked at it with wondering eyes, as one would regard a curious specimen in a museum; eyes reverent, vacuous and dreamy, like those of a traveller in the desert, as he raises them in silent worship towards the distant stars.

I described to him the sturdy peasantry which, for countless generations, has been rooted in the soil, the only one it has ever known. I told him of their unsentimental love of the sod, of their pride in the ground upon which their ancestors were reared, and their hatred of the renegade who, faithless to all this, sells his land. As I was acquainted with this particular peasant, we walked into the farmyard. Entering the house, my friend saw the room that is the same on all farms: the green tile stove in the centre; benches along the four walls; the baroque table in one corner, its four legs connected by heavy wooden bars that serve as a rest for tired feet. Above the table, upon the wall, there is a wood carving of Christ. That is why this corner is called the *Herrgottswinkel*, the Lord's corner. At this table all meals are eaten. The peasant, his wife, the children and the farmhands are seated around one large bowl. All of them dip their spoons into it in a slow, almost solemn rhythm; for a show of greediness is frowned upon. If, during the meal, a wanderer enters, he greets the family with "Praised be Jesus Christ," and the answer comes promptly "In all eternity, Amen"; whereupon the wanderer may sit down and partake, as though Christ himself had come as guest.

"This *Herrgottswinkel*, in every Bavarian farmhouse, furnishes a better explanation of Oberammergau than all the encomiums of Cook," said I to my friend. "Here, the cult of religion has developed culture, to use in its true meaning a word which has been hackneyed *ad nauseam*."

As we tramped on, I told him of the customs of Bavaria, of the close organization of the peasantry which the country doctor Heim had formed, and which consisted of twelve hundred associations, with a capitalization exceeding that of the largest German bank.

On a swell of the ground a plowman was plodding, bearing heavily on his plow pulled by two stolid oxen. There floated through the still evening air and over the golden yellow and deep green of the fields the chimes of the village church, whose rounded spire soared pale red against a background of light blue sky. The plowman stopped dead in his tracks, took off his green hat and prayed.

"A fine picture," said my exploring friend; "I've seen something like it. There is a French picture by . . . what's his name, now?" "Of course," said I; "there are peasants

in Normandy also. But in America there aren't any. Your country has no peasantry. In your country agriculture is a business like any other business. In your country the farmer sells his land when he has made his pile and when he can better himself by a change. That, my good friend, explains the difference. Say what you will, the United States is one gigantic city, with cultivated fields, forests, prairies, like immense commons, within its area; they are the lungs of the city, Yellowstone parks for the money-makers of the plow, the pick and the saw." "You have a curious idea of my country," said my friend: and in silence I pictured to myself that foreign soil, cultivated without love; those farmers, drudging not for their kind, but for the produce-exchange of Chicago; that people, large in numbers, great in industrial achievements, most persistent in industry.

We spent all of the next day in roaming the countryside, while I pointed out to my friend the peculiarities of the peasants' dress which always reflect the character of a village or of a valley, and explained to him how similar customs, similar sentiments, habits, thoughts, a common faith and dialect, had, in the course of centuries, brought the people so close together that they have almost fathomed the secret of mutual understanding. Religion is the focus of all their feelings, and the church gives them full expression. We passed a religious procession, with the priest in full vestments at its head, then the banners, and the men and women following in two rows.

In the evening we entered a modest inn. A crowd of about thirty peasants sat on two long benches, a narrow deal table between them. Their clothes, their grey coats with green collars, and their green hats, were not the only points of resemblance among them. Indeed, my friend was struck by the similarity of their movements and of their facial expression. Vigorous yet stolid, after the manner of highland peasants, they conversed in a language which a North German would not have understood. The peal of the church bell called the faithful to evening devotion, and there was a sudden silence. The barmaid stood still, the peasants bared their heads and bowed in silent prayer; and, as the sound of the bell died away, a deep, muttered "Amen" closed their simple worship.

On we walked in the settling dusk. "What discipline!" ejaculated my American friend. "Yes," said I, "and be sure that it is genuine. These religious outpourings may seem to you a matter of stolid habit, yet they powerfully move our peasantry. One thousand years of such training leaves an internal mark. Is it not a great thing that neither toil nor the hard-earned enjoyment of their pot of beer makes them oblivious of thoughts of eternity?"

Then I told my friend of the Bavarian peasant's contempt for migratory city folk; of his hatred of infidelity; and of his surpassing love of law and order. "The Imperial Government has, through two paragraphs, stolen the property of the small investor, and of the war-widows and war-orphans. First, it cancelled all obligations to repay in gold, debts contracted in gold; second, it directed the courts entrusted with the protection of wards, to invest the widows' and orphans' property in gilt-edged State bonds, as they had been doing in the *ante-bellum* days. But those gilt-edged bonds have been losing all of their gilding. The only small man who came out a gainer is the peasant, for he could pay back in paper marks his gold-mark mortgage, while his land, his buildings and his cattle retained their gold-mark value almost unimpaired. The peasant wants law and order; he wants home rule; he had only contempt for the Munich revolution of 1918 and 1919, for it was engineered by rank outsiders. Not one of the leaders of the revolution was a native of Bavaria. Kurt Eisner had come from Berlin,

Toller from Posen, Neurath from Austria, Landauer from Württemberg.

In the frenzy of the revolution these revolutionaries surrendered to Berlin their State rights, under which Bavaria had jurisdiction over her own army and her postal- and railway-administration. The old bureaucracy thus easily succeeded, by the Weimar Constitution, in changing the federalistic empire into a centralized Greater Prussia, a thing which could never have been done under the Constitution of Versailles, written under the ægis of Bismarck. But a Government composed of true Bavarians has already opened its campaign of opposition to the encroachments of an arrogant Berlin bureaucracy upon centralization. With Germanic Bavaria most States and provinces where the Germanic spirit preponderates, are one in their resistance to Berlin. It must be remembered that at one time Prussia was half Slavic; the Mark of Brandenburg was once a border-land, and the two Prussias were early colonies. Now that the Hohenzollern kingdom is no more, we Bavarians must be guided by conditions which preceded its existence. By the side of the red revolution, which still shows signs of life, a green revolution has arisen among the peasantry, a revolution which springs from the soil, and from the Bavarian hatred of the big city that has neither culture nor tradition. The issue here is not reaction and monarchism; rather it is one of internal forces, of moral forces looking for free, unhindered play. The Germanic spirit, as it exists in the Hanseatic towns and in the country-side of Westphalia and Schleswig-Holstein; and as one may observe it in the south, powerful in Bavaria, in Württemberg somewhat subdued; this spirit wants to be led, but not ruled.

Call it democracy if you will, but it is no kin to the French or the American democracy. The popular mind of Bavaria favours the broad and bold reform-ideas of Baron von Stein, who, in the time of absolutistic Prussian royalty, established parish home rule. All the malcontents, driven thereto by the short-sightedness of the Berlin Government, make common cause with the peasantry which constitute three-fifths of Bavaria's population.

Berlin newspaper-men have decried Bavaria for her unfriendliness towards strangers. If the reproach be true, is it a wonder that Bavaria wants no strangers? Thirty thousand of them with a strong admixture of vagrants and lesser criminals, that had become a veritable plague to the country, had to be deported after the bloody days of the Munich revolution of 1920. This may explain the harshness of some measures directed against strangers, although no doubt the cause of some justified complaints may be found in the imbecility of bureaucracy. But Bavaria has no patent rights on such imbecility; it has long since become an international possession.

Feelings and unwisdom make all men kin. There is one feeling in particular which in disregard of all frontiers unites the sufferers of all lands. Through all the din of socialism, maximalism, bolshevism, monarchism, and utopianism may be heard its wistful appeal. Hidden behind all these names is the longing for emancipation from the money-bags, for independence from the many foolish, bloated ciphers of our make-believe world, which achieve real value only through the numerals of honest labour. This longing for freedom from the trader, from the profiteer, from the speculator, Bavaria shares to-day with the rest of Germany. I am, etc.,

Munich.

FRIEDRICH FREKSA.

(Translated by Joseph Dick.)

MISCELLANY.

TRIALS for heresy never paid, even in the old days. Like all processes of law, they were useful as a means of "getting" some one, or as a vent for the *odium theologicum*,

which is perhaps the worst of all hatreds. But it is doubtful that they ever strengthened a faith or promoted any kind of grace or virtue. Nowadays they seem an anachronism, not altogether because the Church has lost her prerogative of rack and faggot, but rather because people have ceased to think in theological terms. If a prominent clergyman is cited for heresy, there is precious little thought bestowed upon the technicalities of his case, outside of those directly concerned in the trial. Popular judgment is purely personal, and the theological verdict counts for almost nothing, one way or the other.

PERHAPS, too, there is a sense, more or less vague, that the worst use that can be made of a heretic is to try him—that such matters are not to be settled that way. In an excellent little volume of reminiscences published nine years ago, Brand Whitlock speaks of an early experience in the practice of law, when as attorney for the Humane Society, he prosecuted a poor German shoemaker for non-support of a wife. The case came to a ludicrous end, and Mr. Whitlock observes, "I think that most of the attempts men make to do justice in their criminal courts are about as mistaken, about as absurd, about as ridiculous, as that solemn and supremely silly effort we made to deal with such a human complication by means of calf-bound law-books and wrangling lawyers and twelve stupid jurors ranged behind twelve spittoons." To deal with the highly intricate "human complication" involved in heresy—the obscure processes which the human mind employs in the construction of credenda—by a formal trial, seems quite as inept.

WHAT an affinity would the modern spirit have for the view of Jeremy Taylor, himself a bishop of the English church, if only the moderns ever read him! "It is keeping the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace," says Taylor, "and not identity of opinion, which the Holy Spirit requires of us"—and he proves it. There is the modern attitude for you! If there are to be any trials for heresy forthcoming, and the ecclesiastical attorneys want to make an interpretation of the modern religious spirit, they will find their work done for them in the "Liberty of Prophecy" a whole deal better than they can do it for themselves. Let them lift their brief boldly out of Taylor, out of Smith, Cudworth, Whichcote—clergymen all, in good standing, and all dead these three hundred years—and its spirit and point of view will be the modernest of the modern.

HERE, for example, are a few observations from Whichcote, which I should say interpret the modern religious spirit pretty well:

Nothing is worse done than what is ill done for religion. That must not be done in defence of religion that is contrary to religion.

Nothing spoils human nature more than false zeal. The good nature of a heathen is more Godlike than the furious zeal of a Christian.

Certainly our Saviour accepts of no other separation of his church from the other part of the world [hear it, O ye heresy-hunters!] than what is made by truth, virtue, innocency and holiness of life.

It is not to be expected that another man should think as I would, to please me; since I can not think as I would, to please myself. It is neither in his nor my power to think as we will; but as we see reason and find cause.

Nothing without reason is to be proposed; nothing against reason is to be believed.

There is nothing more unnatural to religion than contentions about it. In this last there is an echo of the hard common sense in the line of the "Imitation," *Quid prodest tibi alta de Trinitate disputare si careas humilitate,*

unde displiceas Trinitati? "What does it avail to dispute and discourse high concerning the Trinity, and lack humility, and so displease the Trinity?"

I do not see how the heresy-hunting spirit could possibly withstand the disarming and prepossessing influence of the last paragraph of Taylor's great treatise. "I end with a story," says Taylor, "which I find in the Jews' books." He then goes on to tell the story (which is not in Jewish literature, but is found in the Persian poet Saadi) of the patriarch Abraham, who, while meditating in his tent at nightfall, was approached by a feeble wayfarer above a hundred years old, with long white hair and beard, and leaning on a staff. Abraham took him in, treated him hospitably and set a meal before him; but observing that the old man did not pray, or ask a blessing on his food, inquired the reason. The old pilgrim replied that he worshipped the fire only, and did not acknowledge any other god. Then Abraham, in a fury of religious zeal, drove him out of his tent, thus exposing him to all the evils of the night and of an unguarded condition. When the old man had gone, God spoke to Abraham out of heaven and asked him where his visitor was. Abraham said, "I turned him away, because he dishonoured thee." God replied, "I have endured him these hundred years, although he hath dishonoured me; and couldst thou not endure him one night, especially since he gave thee no trouble?" Thereupon Abraham hastened after the old man, brought him back, lodged him and took care of him until morning came and he was ready to depart. "Go thou, and do likewise," adds Taylor, "and thy charity shall be rewarded by the God of Abraham."

JOURNEYMAN.

POETRY.

TEN POEMS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

MELEAGER.

Herald of dawn, farewell!
Yet, Star of Morn, I bid thee quick return,
And as the Evening Star, bear back again
Her whom thou tak'st away.

LUCIAN.

Relentless Pluto took me out of life
A little boy, but scant five years of age.
The few light griefs of early childhood's strife,
And joys as light, make up my history's page.
Callimachus, my name. Bewail me not
That here so immature I lie at rest.
Though brief the happiness that was my lot,
Brief was my sorrow also. This is best.

JULIAN, THE PREFECT OF EGYPT.

As oft in life, now from my tomb I cry,
Drink! ere in dust and ashes low ye lie.

ASCLEPIADES.

Weary of life, and not yet twenty-two!
O Love, why so inflame me?
Why with such bitter treatment dost thou shame me?
For when my sufferings end, what wilt thou do?
Alas, no doubt,
Thy gaming rout,
With human souls the stake, thou'lt conscienceless pursue.

STRATO.

How should we know when one we love grows old
If he be ever near in joy and sorrow?
He pleased us yesterday—why not to-day?
And if to-day, why should he not to-morrow?

THEÆTETUS.

Sweetly delightful to men, to the Muses yet more delightful,
Such was Crantor; and lived not very far into age.
Hast thou stilled, O Earth, that sacred soul in thy bosom?
Or does it survive, living in gladness there?

NICARCHUS.

Marcus, the great physician, called in stately wise,
The marble Zeus with critic eye to view.
Nor stone nor deity could Fate's decree revise,
But where the bulk of Marcus' practice hapless lies
To-day the marble Zeus we buried too.

PAUL THE SILENTIARY.

In early years my haughty spirit spurned
And disavowed the passionate Paphian's claim.
No restless fever in my bosom burned;
No glowing vision did my soul inflame.
Wisdom I loved and sought to make my own,
Till with persistent wooing she was won.

Now, in full ripeness of my life's last third,
To thee, O Venus, low I bow my head.
(Predestined conquest, thine, though long deferred!)
My hands behold, in trembling suppliance spread.
From Pallas' rout more fame thou may'st now take
Than when the golden apple was at stake.

SPEUSIPPUS.

Plato's dead form reposes 'neath this sod;
His soul survives in splendour, like a god.

PALLADAS.

Naked came I unto earth,
Naked I pass into earth;
Vain the travail of my birth,
Vain all things seen since my birth.

ALBERT JAY NOCK.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

THE LAW'S DELAY.

SIRS: In my opinion, your view of the condition of our judicial system is by far too pessimistic. It seems to be pervaded by the gloom through which the *Freeman* regards all our existing social order. Your statements that murder, burglary and similar activities have come to be classed as extra-safe occupations, while doubtless made with humorous intent, still carries the suggestion that there is an increasing delay in the prosecution and punishment of these crimes. On the contrary, there has never been a time in this city within the thirty years in which I have observed the operation of the criminal law, in which the processes of justice were so swift and certain as at present. The District Attorney of New York County, Mr. Joab H. Banton, has cleared the calendars of his courts, and indictments are now being found within a month of the commission of the crime and are being tried within a few weeks thereafter. The number of prisoners awaiting trial is proportionately less than for many years. There has been, since Mr. Banton's accession to office, a great reduction in the number of prisoners awaiting trial and also in the number of pending indictments against defendants who have been released on bail. All persons who are familiar with the subject know that the administration of criminal law in New York County is more effective than at any time during recent years. I have no doubt that the same condition is true in many other counties of the State.

It is undoubtedly true that there is a congestion in the trial-calendars in our civil courts. This is due very largely to the unprecedented conditions following the great war. When the period of deflation began, accompanied by a great fall in prices, there was an effort on the part of very many merchants to avoid the disastrous consequences by disputing or repudiating the contracts which they had made for the purchase of materials and goods. The result was a great flood of litigation which has overwhelmed our courts. We need more judges, and I should be very glad to see legislation adopted which would permit the courts to enlist the services of able and experienced lawyers who might act as temporary judges until the calendars can be reduced to normal proportions.

Fifteen or twenty years ago, our courts were clogged by innumerable accident-cases. The number of these cases has been greatly reduced by the workingmen's compensation

statutes. The enactment of these laws has been a great benefit not only to workingmen but to all the members of our community and to the administration of justice generally. Your complaint that the law is administered with too much technicality has some basis of justification, but the constant tendency, in this country as in others, has been and is to simplify the procedure. Trials are far shorter than formerly. The speeches of counsels are by no means so extensive. The charges by judges to juries are much simpler and briefer than they used to be.

Very few cases indeed—either in our civil or criminal courts—are finally decided on technicalities. My own experience in the courts, now extending over more than a quarter of a century, leads me to believe that, upon the whole, justice is fairly administered in our civil and criminal tribunals. Such is, I believe, the opinion of almost all who are familiar with the subject.

It is inevitable that there shall be some delay in the trial of cases, civil or criminal. There can not be a procedure which protects the rights of the litigants in civil cases and of the prosecution and the defendant in criminal proceedings, without a very considerable formality. Also, it is impossible to prevent a certain amount of delay where it is to the interest of some party to the proceeding to cause delay. Such difficulties and defects as these are inherent in all human institutions.

There is room for much improvement in our judicial procedure, both civil and criminal, but improvement is all the time going on, despite your gloomy reflections and prognostications. I should be very sorry to agree with you that the executive and legislative and judicial branches of our Government are sickening unto death. Your pessimism is, however, so general and indiscriminate that it is not so formidable as it might otherwise be. If you were more willing to recognize the signs of promise and progress in modern life, I can not help thinking that your teaching would be more impressive. Some one has said that the pessimist is always only a spectator. There can not be any real accomplishment without a confident hope of success.

However, discussion forms the ferment for new ideas and our most precious possessions are free speech and free thought. So I welcome and read with interest your comment on our laws and courts, although I am bound to recognize a certain blindness in your outlook, as well as a mental quality which seems to rejoice in the belief that the worst is yet to come. I am, etc.,

New York City.

GEORGE GORDON BATTLE.

SIRS: Even though a lawyer and a member of the Lawyer's Association who has not succeeded in being "too illuminative" in the *New York Law Journal*, I still cherish the right for myself and fellow-associates in my profession to venture some suggestion of remedial means for meeting a public menace in the shape of the law's delay, through the instruments at our nearest command. I confess with some shamefacedness that procedure in our courts, high and low, may well be termed ridiculous when it is applied to an exceptional case or circumstance. But what profession, industry or Government is free from an occasional error? Even your worthy publication may sometimes commit an act of omission or commission. But that makes me no less aggressive in declaring that any honest analysis of that difficulty which comes from the bench and bar itself should not be disregarded just because the error may be attributed to our source of existence and operation. I would disagree entirely with the contention that when a human or political system ceases to function adequately no minor ailment is involved.

I can imagine a situation where a person was ravaged with a chronic disease and yet a temporary aggravation which would only render more acute the immediate suffering, would not be disregarded by those concerned in the health and usefulness of the person. It would be a sorry world if the doctor on the case were to disregard the minor ailment on the theory that it was effort wasted, even though immediate relief might be rendered the patient and those interested in his condition. It would be particularly scandalous for the doctor not only to fail in rendering the aid in his power, but also to fail to see the minor ailment and work for its eradi-

cation. In the matter of meeting the law's delay, the lawyer may as reasonably be charged with the fault as the doctor who treats a disease, and yet it is particularly significant that in the movement which you have recognized as important enough to consider editorially, the lawyer has been the doctor and is giving public voice to the menacing situation.

I wish the variety of correspondence from busy members of the legal profession, who, if addicted to the degeneration into which our courts have fallen, according to your analysis, would be the last persons to suggest a new order, were before you. You would be impressed with the numerous common-sense recommendations for solving delays, quite aside from an increase in judges. Some of them—indeed, the busiest, and most successful—have been irregular enough to suggest long working-hours for the judges, a practice which would of necessity inconvenience themselves. Some of them have even had the foresight—a consideration not at all consistent with the criticism of the legal mind when it is involved in expenditure of public money—to urge the holding-up of building-plans for the housing of the courts until such time as the exact demands of space may be known through the action of our legislature. It would surprise you to know the number and quality of those urging a restriction upon the right of jury-trial in certain types of cases, and those who have been urging arbitration rather than the pursuit of the old type of court-hearing. Some have not hesitated to place the blame with ourselves, in that we have given too hurried consideration to candidates for the bench and permitted an endorsement when an exercise of greater discretion might have prevented their election. These same gentlemen, even though they were at fault, would persist in the belief, however, that we are qualified to pass upon the qualifications of our co-workers. We have not had the slightest hesitation in calling upon a number of business-men who are prominent in the community for help in our attempt to eliminate the law's delays.

Few, if any, of all those expressing their public duty would admit that the traditions of their profession are responsible for the congestion of the courts at this time; but they are so practical-minded and, indeed, public spirited, that they will concede a great deal, in which a previous generation would not have acquiesced, to extend and evaluate the facilities now in existence and best calculated to remedy the present situation. I think all of them, in order to be consistent with their contention that ill-considered criticism of court-conduct is harmful and destructive of the best interests of government, would be very prompt to decry any propaganda to the effect that the system of justice as devised by its builders had collapsed, on the theory that such an attack would be subversive of the best interests of mankind.

It may be known to you that an illustrious committee of the bench and bar and legal training institutions of the United States have gone to work under the distinguished auspices of Chief Justice Taft to find out the best of every legal form and practice in the world, in order to apply the same to the courts of the United States. This committee is working under authorized auspices and has a definite responsibility to the people of the United States by virtue of the public character and importance of its membership, and it is fair to assume that its recommendations will conform to the best interests, not only of the bar but of the public, to which it is responsible. A job of this sort is one to be tackled by so authoritative a group, but certainly that does not preclude local men of related abilities from cleaning their own doorstep before stepping out into institutional reform. We in New York are brave enough to admit the condition which exists here, but also practical enough to solve it with the means at our disposal, and do not apologize for the attempt because we are closer to it than other equally patriotic interests, or because it happens to cut in on the perquisites of that which we have long since revered and to which we have given our best years and effort. I am, etc.,

New York City.

I. MONTEFIORE LEVY.

Temporary Chairman,

Committee for the Elimination of the Law's Delay.

BOOKS.

BALI.

CIVILIZATION is progressing—but to what? That, after all, is the important question. Every one will agree that the old nineteenth-century chaos, aggravated and intensified by the consequences of the war, can not endure. The spirit of economic and commercial imperialism of which the British Empire was the greatest exponent yesterday, and which has now infected America, Japan, France, and other countries, must give place to a new order based upon other values and desires. Humanity to-day is faced by a difficult alternative: either society must become dehumanized, scientific, a marvel of mechanical efficiency, in which even children are born to the State by some such purely mechanical process as that which Mr. Aldous Huxley foreshadows in his "Crome Yellow," or the organization of society must be completely destroyed, from top to bottom, in order that a new and natural growth may take place. That is to say, either the intellect must become the one supreme goal of man—and we must take the consequences of the corresponding sterility—or society must be again grounded in instinct. Russia alone of all the nations has had the courage to overthrow reason, logic, order and mechanical progress and to seek rebirth. But the other Western nations, notably Germany, are seething with the tragic conflict between the claims of the oversophisticated mind and the unsophisticated soul. And the book which I am now writing about¹ is only one symptom of this conflict.

Until I saw this publication, I had never heard of the name of Bali. Now, thanks to the enterprise of a Dutch physician and a German archæologist, I am richer in knowledge of a land where the harmony between man and the earth he inhabits is yet undestroyed. I know now that Bali happens to be an island in the Malay Archipelago, lying between Java and Lombok. Its inhabitants are pure Malays, with a certain admixture of Hindu blood. When Java was conquered by the Mohammedan faith, the Indian colonists who had created there the architectural and sculptural marvels of Boro-Budur and Brindabaran, moved eastward, introducing into this island certain elements of Indian culture, such as belief in reincarnation, a system of castes, a literature based upon Sanskrit documents, and the rule of hereditary princes. All these were rapidly assimilated into the primitive communal social system and fused with the animistic nature-worship of the inhabitants. The civilization that the Balinese evolved out of this complete admixture between Hindu wisdom and Malay superstition, can not be indicated in lesser limits than in the seventy-two pages that preface this volume. But certain outstanding facts may be stated.

To begin with, in the language of Bali there is no word either for artist or for art. Yet the inhabitants have poems, songs, sculptured temples, religious festivals, dramas, dances, and a worship and appreciation of physical beauty equalled only by that of the Greeks. One might say that they have no word for art, because everything in life is to them an art. The type of the Western European artist, the man who is in revolt, out of harmony with his surroundings; who is obliged, out of spiritual dissatisfaction, to isolate himself from society, and who is at once the chosen sacrificial victim of the commercial spirit, and yet a soul full of pity for the rest of mankind who blindly wor-

¹ "Bali," Gregor Krause and Karl Witz. 2te Auflage in Einem Band mit 207 Abbildungen und ungekürzten Text. 1922. Folkwang Verlag G. m. b. H., Hagen, Westphalia.

ship that spirit; such a man is unknown in Bali, as elsewhere throughout the East. Here all art belongs to the community at large, and anyone may be an artist. In order to cultivate the soil, to make it bring forth food, the Balinese has, to begin with, to overcome the riotous fecundity of the tropical forest; he must next terrace the hill-slopes with the dykes of his rice-fields, and bring water to flood these terraces. This is all done by hoes and human hands alone. There are no ploughs in Bali. In the intervals of his labour, he employs himself in building houses, in looking after his body, in constructing temples, in arranging festivals, in making offerings to the gods. "The villagers labour the earth, yet is the earth the Kingdom of the Gods": in this saying the whole of the attitude of these islanders is expressed.

In short, we have here society arranged, not as a series of economic units as in the Western World, not as a number of confused democratic voting-machines, working-machines and fighting-machines, but as a single indissoluble unit, each member of which fulfills some function in regard to the whole. The aim of each and all alike is worship of the gods. This religion of the Balinese is a pure animism. In every natural form there is godhead. Offerings are made to trees, to animals, to the spirits inherent in water, fire, the earth, to the goddess of fruitfulness and the godhead of death. Every dance, every festival, every act of life is a form of worship to the unseen spirits. Even the savage and bloody cock-fights which are the only form of warfare these people practise are an offering to a demon whose spirit of bellicose stupidity is embodied in the form of the fighting-cock. Above all this universal aspiration to worship sit the gods, on the mountain-peaks of the island, seeing the world at their feet, receiving the prayers of their subjects, and bestowing on man the treasure of the daylight, of sun, air, food and sleep. Only in the night are these gods hostile. Then they send forth thousands of evil spirits, demons of the darkness, to sow diseases and shake man's spirit. Against these all doors are barred, offerings of food are put without the house, and oil-lamps are kindled in order to direct evil spirits to the meal.

These demons—embodied relics of the primitive fear of darkness that seems to have come upon man in all countries where he found himself in close contact with a virgin forest—furnish a great many of the motives for the native arts. If the vitality of any art-producing race is to be measured by their command over the grotesque, as some have asserted, then the Balinese rank high—along with the Mayas, the Cambodians, the Javanese, the Chinese, and the French cathedral-builders of the thirteenth century. Their temples, with their arrangement in pyramidal terraces, employment of geometrical wall-relief, use of the grotesque head as a corner-ornament, fondness for combined serpentine and bird-like forms, offer many analogies to similar structures in Mexico and Yucatan, and like these are mines for the lover of the terrible and the grotesque. More interesting still is the fact that offerings are brought to the temples and left disposed about them in the tall structures of basket-work which very much resemble the tree-trunks of the virgin forest. The photographs on pages 122-125 of this volume are very eloquent on that point. In these and in many other photographs of temple-ceremonies in the book, which Dr. Krause has somehow managed to obtain without the worshippers in any case realizing what was happening, we learn to appreciate what a part religion plays in the lives of these people, and with

what feelings of awe it is associated. Yet even this worship has its playful side, as witness the pictures of dancers grotesquely attired and masked as demons. However, Doctor Krause assures us that these dances always take place in the daylight, and that at night, masks and costumes are carefully placed again in the temples, at the feet of the gods.

The portion of the day that is not occupied by the native in the pursuits of agriculture or religious worship, is mainly devoted to the care of his—or her—body. To the Balinese, as Herr Witz says, the body is the house of the soul—the most beautiful thing he has, the flower and fruit of life, the supreme, indeed the only, property. This body is tended, bathed, anointed as for divine service—it is indeed the bearer of the world, the language that needs no translation, the mirror of godhead. Only those who have had the privilege of seeing Dr. Krause's photographs for themselves can ever realize to what degree these people have carried the religion of the body. These slim, beautifully formed youths with their long, wavy hair, these women whose naked, uncovered breasts remain perfect even in motherhood, whose bodies, thanks to their habit of carrying weights on their heads, are as the stems of bamboos, whose hips never become greater than their shoulders, would persuade even a misogynist like Schopenhauer to worship. Many of these pictures, especially those showing natives bathing in the open air, have the æsthetic qualities of the finest Greek statuary. To look upon them is to feel the full shame and horror of our civilization.

In order to show the degree to which the Balinese carry this reverence and service of the body, it is only necessary to say that they believe that when a man dies, the soul can not go free until the body, its tene-ment, is destroyed by fire. The body is kept reverently in a coffin until such time as the priests think suitable; then it is consumed, with a number of offerings. When the time for the ceremony arrives, there is always a struggle between the temple-attendants who are taking the corpse away, and the relatives and friends of the dead man, who wish to retain it with them. Furthermore, when the body is finally consumed, and the soul takes its flight towards the gods, it carries with it the prayers and wishes of all the onlookers. Many of these, if they are women, and if the deceased was handsome, wish that the form of the departed may be reincarnated as one of their own offspring. To have a child resembling some dead man or woman who has been universally admired, is considered a great honour in Bali. In fact, Herr Witz declares that the highest good fortune of the Bali peasant (this does not apply to the small Brahman caste) is to be reborn on the fortunate island, in the same shape that he or she previously possessed.

Such is the Bali religion—a faith that enables the young man who is about to tap the sugar-palm, first to embrace its trunk, as a bride, and to declare to it his intentions. All other aspects of the life and social structure of these islanders are of a piece with this. To live in the same spot where they were cast down as drops of dew by the gods, to go through the same form of life for ever and ever, is the highest wish of these people. Why, indeed, should they wish anything different? Wars are unknown to them. The only legal punishments are fines, for small offences; for more serious offences, banishment; for the most serious, death. When an execution takes place, the executioner stays the blow of his sword until the condemned man grants him permission to do his duty. In their marriage, which is monogamous, the woman picks out the

man she likes, and arranges with him to be carried away from the house of her parents. If that were done in England or America to-day, as it is done by every other animal except modern man, would anyone be a penny the worse? I have read elsewhere than in this book that the Balinese wives frequently practise suttee, and insist on being burnt with their husbands' bodies. How horrible!—Yes, but in the Hindu civilization, perhaps the greatest this world has ever seen, the same thing was done, and held in reverence.

What have we given these people in exchange for their way of living? The Dutch colonial administration—no better nor worse than the English, French, German, Spanish, Italian or American ditto—has, with the aid of European troops, sanitated the villages. Whether they have sanitated their own troops remains to be seen. They have put up prisons—with the result that when one man has been put in prison for a trifling offence, the whole population of the village has declared itself equally guilty, and asked to share his captivity. They have doubtless made concessions to capitalists, and ground out taxes. They have introduced Protestant missionaries, one of whom, it is said, succeeded in making a single convert in twenty years. They have, moreover, struck at the power of the native princes.

The death of the last of these, says Doctor Krause, occurred in the following way. In 1904, a Chinese trading-junk stranded on the island and broke up. The natives, with their usual kindness, got the owner, a wealthy Chinese merchant, off, and attempted to salvage his cargo. Later, the merchant declared that a chest of his, containing two thousand dollars, was missing. The Bali people swore they had seen no money anywhere on the beach. Nevertheless, the Dutch colonial administration demanded a repayment of this sum from the prince in whose territory the robbery was supposed to have happened. He refused. War was declared. One thousand men in European uniform and equipment started for Bali. The inhabitants, realizing the futility of fighting against European weapons, went on with their rice-cultivation. But the prince and his followers resolved to die, and prepared themselves by praying to the gods. When the troops approached the prince's palace, it was observed to be in flames. From its door streamed forth men, women, and children, bedecked as for festival and wearing the white mantle of death. At a signal a number of warriors, equipped with knives and lances, rushed forward. The troops shot them down. Others presented themselves, and were blown to pieces with shrapnel. Finally the troops ceased their fire, in disgust, only to see men in the distance, dressed in priests' garments, stabbing the women and children. When one was shot down, another took up the work. Women came forward, flung handfuls of gold at the feet of the troops, said "Here is the gold you came for," and pointed to their breasts, as the spot where the soldiers should strike. A chaplain, who had come with the detachment, turned his gaze at this and fled. Finally, when the slaughter was over, and nothing remained but a few wounded, who had not managed to find death from others' hands, or to end their own sufferings, one of these, a boy of twelve, was offered a drink of water by a European soldier. He refused, and begged for the death-stroke. Meanwhile, the people of Bali went on cultivating their fields. "The Gods willed it," they said.

But the fate of the people of Bali to-morrow will be—what? And our civilization goes forward also to—what?

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

LIFE AND LETTERS.

WHEN a literary essayist gathers together some of his casual papers into a volume and gives it a grandiose title like "Life and Letters" or "Literature and Life," he leads us, if we are naïve, to look for something profound, or at any rate sententious. Mr. J. C. Squire once called such a collection "Life and Letters," and no doubt the title sold the book, but there was nothing in it to indicate that literature has any serious rôle to play in this troubled existence of ours. I have on my desk a volume of essays by Mr. E. B. Osborn, of the London *Morning Post*, called "Literature and Life,"¹ and though it has notes in it of a richer contact with humanity than Mr. Squire's, it speaks with even less authority of letters. Of the thirty essays, indeed, not ten concern themselves with books at all, and these few are somewhat trivial and inconsequential divagations on "Epic Liars" and "King Lear's Chaplet" (the verse of the insane), "Vachel Lindsay's Poems" and "Better-English Week." The rest of the volume is mediocre writing on "Love or Eugenics," "New Card-Games," "Beer, Noble Beer," etc. Mr. Osborn's type of humour is represented by his remark that the bolshevik is "eager to untie all the 'nots' in the Ten Commandments," and the quality of his criticism, as well as the merits of his prose, by his statement that, "In proportion as it satisfies our spiritual needs—i. e., according to the degree of its usefulness—we rate poetry as great, greater, greatest of all." I have said too much about the book already.

I have on my desk another volume of literary essays called "Life and Letters,"² but in this case the book deserves the title. There is an essay on the ideas of Gustave Flaubert, in which the author observes "that Flaubert's most pitiable error is to have believed that art and life are incompatible, and that in order to write one must renounce all the joys of life. . . . He does not understand that poetry must be born of life, naturally, just as trees, flowers, and fruits spring from the ground, from the bare soil in view of the sky." One sees at once that the author is a man for whom literature and life are something more than a pleasantly alliterative phrase; that he knows how the intricate beauty of the one grows directly from the desperation and difficulty of the other. One sees, in other words, that one is dealing, not with a *littérateur*, but with a critic who directs upon literature the same clear and kindly gaze that he turns upon life. He speaks about literature with authority because he speaks about life with knowledge.

It is late in the day, surely, to say anything fresh about M. Anatole France. It is either too late, that is, or very much too early, for as a contemporary he has already been written about sufficiently, and it is not yet time to write about him with any greater finality. This translation by Mr. D. B. Stewart of the third series of "La Vie Littéraire," furthermore, will be new only to readers of English, for it appeared in France a generation ago. The preface is a piece of controversy (if one may use that word of such tempered writing) with Ferdinand Brunetière, over an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in 1891, and many of the essays are on literary figures which, even in France, have begun to fade from the memory. But one does not have to be particularly interested in the novels and verse that these men were writing in the early 'nineties, to recognize and be charmed with the fine urbanity of Anatole France's prose (even in translation), with the mansuetude of his critical tone, with his dry and saline irony. His is the most civilized mind in the world to-day, and no ten pages of his work can be disregarded. He is a humanist in the sceptical

¹ "Literature and Life." E. B. Osborn. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50.

² "On Life and Letters: Third Series." Anatole France. Translated by D. B. Stewart. New York: John Lane Company. \$3.00.

tradition, and not the man from whom one would expect partisanship, yet in an essay in this volume we find him defending against the moralists and traditionalists the same principles of free examination which we are having to reassert to-day:

There could not be for pure thought a worse stand than that of morality. . . . To subordinate philosophy to morality is to will the very death of thought, the ruin of all intellectual speculation, and the eternal silence of the spirit. It means the simultaneous arrest of moral progress, and of the upward flight of civilization.

One can feel nothing but gratitude for such words as these; and as for M. France's views on the relativity of taste, and the hollowness of merely judicial criticism—well, since he is contending with Ferdinand Brunetière, and since he puts his case with such engaging candour, one can overlook the fact that he is walking here along a wire less tightly strung.

All works of art have for all time been the subject of dispute, and it is one of the great attractions of beautiful things to remain thus doubtful, for it is impossible to deny that they are so. M. Brunetière is unwilling altogether to admit this fatal and universal uncertainty. . . . But can he not forgive a simple soul for concerning himself less severely with art matters, and for displaying fewer reasons, and particularly fewer arguments? . . . for believing in the irremediable diversity of opinions and ideas, and for speaking more unconstrainedly of what one should admire?

Now this is a theory like all other theories, and coming from M. Anatole France it results in criticism of the most exquisite precision; or rather, it accompanies such criticism, for one may be pardoned for suspecting that M. Anatole France would be a critic of the first order with any theory. It is impossible for him not to write about books with relish and about men with detached sympathy. He writes by preference "of what one should admire," and that lends an amenity to his tone; but he has an eye for the false and the meretricious, and does not stick at exposing them.

The truth is here, however, as in so many cases, that what is good enough for the master is not good enough for the man; in other words, it is folly to expect any method to work as admirably in the hands of an imitator as in the hands of a genius. It is even more true of this "impressionistic" method in criticism than of many others. Taine's scientific method could have, and has had, fruitful results even when it has been wielded, not by the formidable old man himself, but by his disciples. It is conditioned somewhat, to be sure, by temperament and equipment, but not exclusively. The method of Anatole France depends wholly upon these qualities, and goes to pieces at once in the hands of a clumsy workman. Impressionistic criticism springs as directly from the temperament as lyric poetry—and we know how easy it is to write bad lyric poetry when the poet "hasn't it in him." It is quite as easy to make of impressionism a mawkish and frivolous medium; to make it merely the excuse for slovenly thought and untrustworthy taste. If one is not a lyric poet one had better not try to imitate Herrick; and if one has not the surest taste in the world, one had better not try to imitate Anatole France.

NEWTON ARVIN.

WHITTIER AS LOVER.

It has always been suspected that the American poet of the sentiment of "home," though never married, had had experience of love, but heretofore the researches and imaginings of relatives, friends, and biographers have brought nothing to light. Now, however, in the letters of Whittier to Elizabeth Lloyd,¹ we have the best evidence

of the main, if not the only, affection of his life. In the standard "Life of Whittier," she is merely mentioned in some reminiscences by Susan E. Dickenson, as "one of the very few with whom Whittier was really on terms of warm personal friendship"; we realize now how warm that friendship was, and we can piece together the story of their ill-fated romance.

Apparently Whittier first met Miss Lloyd in Philadelphia in 1837, when he was thirty and she twenty-six years old. His love began then or soon after, and there is reason to suspect that he proposed marriage before giving up his residence in the city. In 1853, after a lapse of a decade and a half, Elizabeth married Robert Howell, who died three years later. Several years now intervene, and then Whittier journeys to Philadelphia, and sees much of her. It seems that his affection for her culminated in 1859, when he had reached the age of fifty-two and she of forty-eight; and that his proposal of marriage, or his second proposal if there had been a previous one, took place at this time. A majority of his letters are dated during this year, and acquaint us with the shy warmth of his emotion.

He must needs inquire what prospect there is of his having her "counterfeit presentment"—her picture—"which I assure thee will be worth more to me than a whole gallery of Old-World Madonnas and saints." "I meant to have spoken of it yesterday," he adds with antique quaintness, "but in the presence of the original, I entirely forgot the picture." This we can well understand after a study of her sweet and sensitive face in the frontispiece of the book of letters. Back in Amesbury, he feels intuitively her illness: "I fear, dear, thou art suffering a great deal; indeed I seem to know it." And a few days later:

I was not mistaken, then. Thee was sick. Indeed, I felt that it was so. Sick and sad, and I could not take thy hand; nor to speak a kind word to cheer thee, or, that failing, to sorrow with thee!

He finds himself constantly "wishing for thee in my outgoings and incomings: I want thee to see what I see and hear what I hear." After long rains, he enjoys a day bright as Eden, "but somehow miss *some one* and *somebody* to enjoy it with me." On a picnic at the Laurels, "watching the sun go down through the great oaks, transforming the water into a river of light," he says, "How I wished for thee! I would fain have all I enjoy with thee." Again: "That beautiful evening thee speaks of was lovely here also. We both enjoyed it, unconscious that the other shared it." Everywhere he confronts the fair image brought with him to the north (but never a word of her physical charm, and the ineffaceable memories of their friendship):

Elizabeth, I have been happy—far more so than I ever expected in this life. The sweet memory of the past few weeks makes me rich for ever. What Providence has in store for the future I know not—I dare not hope scarcely—but the past is mine—may I not say ours—sacred and beautiful, a joy for ever. Asking nothing of thee, and with the tenderest regard for thy griefs and memories, I have given thee what was thine by right—the love of an honest heart—not as a restraint and burden upon thee, imposing no obligation and calling for no solicitude on thy part as respects myself. Nobody is a loser by loving or being beloved.

But Providence had no more happiness of this kind in store for him. Three months later he sings the elegy of their love, looking not forward to what may be, but backward to what might have been. "Knowing myself, I have never felt that I could ever have been to thee what *he* was, whom the Great Goodness gave thee." Apparently she had expressed a feeling that a second marriage was impossible, and he accepts her objection,

¹ "Whittier's Unknown Romance: Letters to Elizabeth Lloyd." Arranged with an Introduction by Marie Denervaud. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. Limited edition. \$2.00.

repeating it in this letter "with all tenderness," as he truly says:

I feel that thy instincts were right as respects that very happy and beautiful episode in thy life—that sweet, calm sufficiency and fullness of love graciously offered thee for a season, which, brief as it was, had the length of years in its completeness, and which still blesses thee with the richest legacies of memory, and with hopes that outreach time and take hold upon eternity.

On this ground he "bends with the remover to remove"; on this ground, and on another—his own unfitness for the union of which he had dreamed. In an early letter he had discovered, with the lover's ingenuity in seeing what he wishes to see, that they were curiously alike in disposition; but now that the great hope is doomed to failure, he perceives vividly that his tastes are not hers, that his daily habits are "old-fashioned and homely," that he could not long endure "the restraints of fashion and society: art, refinement, and cultivated taste please me as something apart from myself."

I can not, dear E., be blind to the fact that thee lives in a different sphere—that thy sense of the fitting and beautiful demand accessories and surroundings very different from those that have become familiar and habitual to me. I am sure thy fine artist-nature would pine and die under the hard and uncongenial influences which make me what I am, and from which I can not escape without feeling that I have abandoned the post of duty, without losing my self-respect, and forfeiting all right to be loved in return by those I love. These considerations, and the discouraging influence of illness, may have affected the tone and spirit of my letters.

Who began their mutual retreat could not well be proved without Elizabeth's letters, which she commanded him to destroy. There was reason on both sides; and yet one can not help wishing that the "wide space between us" had been bridged by marriage and the adjustments of a sympathetic intimacy. She was more worldly than he, perhaps, though of a sensitive, spiritual nature, as is shown by her poem, "Milton's Prayer of Patience," which has been attributed to Milton himself and printed with his works—better evidence, no doubt, than Whittier's praise of her in a letter to her sister. Brought up as a Quaker, she married outside the sect, and although successful in maintaining her place in "the fold," was really strongly inclined away from it, as Whittier's remonstrances indicate. "Thee owes too much to thy Quaker training and culture, to disown and deny us at this late day. . . . I care little for some of their peculiarities: but I love the principles of our Society. . . . I can not understand thy feeling: I am only very sorry for it." She must have replied with some spirit, for a fortnight later he says that he will not discuss this endless subject: "I shall not make a red republican of thee, nor will thee convert me to a belief in Bishops, reverend fathers, and apostolic succession. I don't see any saving virtue in candles, surplices, altars, and prayer books." With spirit, too, she must have answered him when he besought her to be magnanimous and to offer reconciliation to a friend of hers from whom she had become estranged; it was not a proper occasion for brotherly love. Elsewhere he chides her, with a smile, for complaining about the food at the sanitarium to which she had gone; *he* could live on "the black broth of Sparta." He concludes with the fear, expressed in a letter to her sister, that "E. was not made for a Quaker," and he adds:

I can not find it in my heart to blame her for living out her nature with its love of all beauty and harmony: and I hope and believe she has self-poise enough to sustain her in her newly-found freedom. She has a deeply religious nature, but it seeks expression in other forms and symbols than those of her early

faith; and circumstances have made her a little uncharitable towards the 'plain Friends.' Time will correct all that. As she sees more of her new associates, she will discover that human nature is very much the same, in the Episcopal canonicals, as in Monthly Meeting uniform.

NORMAN FOERSTER.

SHORTER NOTICES.

THERE is no escaping the conclusion that when Mr. Hilaire Belloc sat down to the task of writing "The Mercy of Allah,"¹ he had promised himself a writing-holiday. Something in the title suggests that here is a story with certain elements of tragedy in it, but one need not read beyond the first half-dozen pages to discover that nothing of the sort is included in the pattern. The author has conceived the idea of criticizing the tactics of modern business by an Oriental parallel, and he has certainly hit upon a deft means of poking holes in the cherished traditions of all sharp traders, from the ragpicker to the diplomat. The story is told in the form of *ex cathedra* observations by a wealthy merchant, who has won his riches by shrewd practices, and generously condescends to inform his seven nephews concerning his methods in "the great art of Getting." The master stroke comes at the end, when one of the most demure and unobtrusive of the nephews asks uncle to sign his autograph-album and subsequently uses that signature to forge a large check. It is this piece of business acumen which influences the old uncle to make the unscrupulous child his sole heir. The book contains other touches equally delicious.

L. B.

IN the most recent of his studies of modern novelists, Dr. Beach examines the technique of Thomas Hardy² in much the same manner that dramatic critics have examined the structure of Shakespeare's plays. Like Shakespeare, Hardy was a practical person as well as a genius. He wanted his novels to sell, and on that account did not hesitate to play to the public or to take advantage of the devices of his predecessors. Concern with craftsmanship, exciting attention by the ingenious manipulation of plot, occupied him perhaps too exclusively at first, but he early began to make his plot-structure more organic, to make setting a component part of structure, to interweave character and circumstance, to aim at climax and the revelation of character through crises. His progress was towards the noble simplicity of Sophoclean tragedy. Progress was intermittent, however, relapse to craftsmanship frequently following great artistic achievement. Each distinct advance in form is marked by a distinguishing mood. Everything related to Hardy's art is considered, from principles of composition to the philosophical conceptions governing his interpretation of life. But though Hardy is the central theme, a reflected light is thrown on all the chief novelists from Richardson to Dickens, that can not but increase the enjoyment of any reader to whom form means anything.

C. V. B.

A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK.

It seems to be impossible to make amends for the original neglect of a great author. When a man's first-rate work has been appreciated during his lifetime, his inferior productions fall, in people's minds, into their proper place; and, having so fallen, they never come back to compromise his reputation. The neglected author, on the other hand, brings with him too often, at his belated resurrection, the humblest as well as the noblest relics of his career; he has only to become the vogue, and all his writings, good and bad, are suddenly exposed to the public. Happy for that man if the last state of his fame is not worse than the first; for the public is obliged—an impossible task—to exercise in a few months a selection that should have been the work of generations. It is natural, therefore, that re-discovered authors should so frequently relapse into oblivion, for they are killed with kindness. Let us hope that this is not going to be the fate of Herman Melville.

¹ "The Mercy of Allah." Hilaire Belloc. New York: D. Appleton & Company. \$2.00.

² "The Technique of Thomas Hardy." Joseph Warren Beach. The University of Chicago Press. \$2.50.

To Melville's true reputation the distinguished reprints¹ of the Princeton University Press—distinguished in point of typographical form—can certainly add little or nothing. "I love all men who *dive*," Melville wrote in one of his letters. "Any fish can swim near the surface, but it takes a great whale to go downstairs five miles or more." He was himself a whale of this kind, but it becomes more and more evident that he dived only on two or three occasions. The miscellaneous sketches and stories reprinted in "The Apple-Tree Table" scarcely rise above the level of Ik Marvel's prose; indeed, they lack certain of Ik Marvel's old-fashioned literary virtues, and the poems that are collected in the volume entitled "John Marr" have even less, far less, of the personal accent. We should except among the latter the "sea-pieces" in which, in his old age, Melville's mind reverted to the comrades of his youth—

Skimmers who, on oceans four,
Petrels were, and larks ashore.

In "Bridegroom Dick," "Tom Deadlight" and "Jack Roy," especially, he succeeds in breaking away from the refractory metaphysics and the wooden rhetoric that had turned him into a sort of inferior Clough and writes with a kind of wild power that carries one back to "Moby Dick." But these moments are few. "You must have plenty of sea-room," he says in his essay on Hawthorne, "to tell the Truth in." It was only amid the conditions of a prose epic that he could get his own burly genius under way.

How does it happen, then, that we find these sketches so interesting? If we had known Melville as familiarly as we know every other modern writer of equal rank, we should have been able to ignore such apparently unconsidered trifles; as it is, we are driven to seek anywhere and everywhere for the traces of his mind and character; and, as we know, it is in just these indolent exercises that a man often reveals himself most fully. What was Melville's natural disposition? What were his tastes, his preferences, his interests? What was the secret of the mysterious eclipse of his genius? We should expect that upon all these matters a collection of his more casual utterances might throw some light; and here we are not entirely disappointed. From the prose pieces and the letters² assembled by Mr. Minnigerode we are able to put together a few, at least, of the elements of a portrait.

TAKE, for instance, his comments on Emerson and Hawthorne. Of the latter he remarks in one of his letters: "Still there is something lacking—a good deal lacking to the plump sphericity of the man. What is that? He doesn't patronize the butcher, he needs roast-beef, done rare." Of Emerson he says that "his belly is in his chest, and his brains descend down into his neck." In these two phrases he marks the great gulf that separates him, as it separates Whitman, from the New England mind of his epoch. With Whitman, in fact, he has much in common: how much Mr. Grant Overton showed in those admirable opening chapters of "The Answerer," chapters that have received far too little attention. A vast animal inertia—there we have perhaps the root of the resemblance, for the Melville of these ruminative sketches had already begun to withdraw into the inveterate solitude that enfolded his later years. But he suggests Whitman also in the profundity of his appetites, in the ruddy glow

of his physical nature, in that somnolence of a mind that has lived in close communion with the elements of sea and earth. As with Whitman, the images that float in his imagination are often images derived from the rustic life: "I found"—for instance—"that but to glean after this man is better than to be in at the harvest of others." To such facts as this, I wonder, or rather to what they symbolize, how much do we owe the solidity, the depth, breadth and height of "Moby Dick" and "Leaves of Grass"?

MELVILLE had exchanged the sea for the country, and we must suppose that nothing but poverty could ever have driven him back to New York. He has given us in "Pierre" the most sinister picture of the city that ultimately engulfed him. In Pierre's words he has given us also a sort of dark prophecy of his own fate: "Deprived of joy, I feel I should find cause for deadly feuds with things invisible." Such sketches as "I and My Chimney" and "Cock-a-Doodle-Do!" the themes of which are too impalpable to be summarized, show us at once the abundant satisfaction that he found in the farmer's life and the source of the despair that was to overwhelm him in the end. The Berkshire landscape keeps him in mind of the sea: "a still August noon," he writes, "broods over the deep meadows, as a calm upon the Line; but the vastness and the lonesomeness are . . . oceanic, and the silence and the sameness, too." Again and again we see him, "stretched on the new-mown clover, the hillside-breeze blowing over me through the wide barn door, and soothed by the hum of the bees in the meadows around," or "going about my fields, a sort of lazy, happy-go-lucky, good-for-nothing, loafing old Lear." He indulges his love for "old things . . . old Montague, and old cheese, and old wine" (or rather the actual local equivalents of these literary images); he reads "deeper and deeper into the night," reads Burton's "Anatomy" and "Tristram Shandy," as we should have known from his own style, "pipe in mouth," as he says, "indolently weaving my vapours." Yet in the midst of that life he was preparing to plunge into a "blackness" beside which the blackness of Hawthorne that so "fixed and fascinated" him was like the dawn itself.

His failing eyesight and the indifference of his public largely account, no doubt, for the strange turn of his literary fortunes. In his paper on "Mosses from an Old Manse" he begs his readers not to "give over to future generations the glad duty of acknowledging" Hawthorne for what he is. "Take that joy to yourself," he says, "in your own generation; and so shall he feel those grateful impulses on him that may possibly prompt him to the full flower of some still greater achievement in your eyes." Melville had reason to speak in these terms, he who had been so constantly abused and vilified. But we can see from these sketches that observation, the master-faculty of the novelist, had never been his forte, that he had at best a feeble hold upon the external world, that his eye was an inward eye and his universe the universe of his own ego. That it should have become at last a metaphysical universe—dry and disorderly—was perhaps inevitable. Or again, if the winter of his life began when he was thirty-three, it was perhaps because, in the South Seas, he had had such an exuberant summer. Still, how much was not that solitude of his to blame for it! One pictures him, snow-bound in his remote farmhouse, half deliberately reading himself into an intellectual madness. The mind revealed in these sketches is already an autumnal mind, the mind of an elderly sea-captain lingering over the past.

¹"The Apple-Tree Table and Other Sketches." "John Marr and Other Poems." Herman Melville. Princeton University Press. 2 vols. \$5.00.

²"Some Personal Letters of Herman Melville and a Bibliography." Meade Minnigerode. New York: The Brick Row Book Shop, Inc. \$2.00

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JOHN COTTON DANA

made millions recognize that a librarian might become the director of a city's thinking. What he is doing for Newark, N. J. makes the old notion of librarianship taper down to an inaudible *pianissimo*. In next week's FREEMAN he presents the result of his study of college libraries, and a programme that proclaims him the Galvani of an institution whose potentiality has too often been ignored.

IMPORTANT and distinguished as the above-named articles are, the FREEMAN will contain, every week, others quite as good. Our friends tell us that the FREEMAN is getting better and better, but that can not be true, for many of the same persons used to tell us that the FREEMAN was as good a paper as could be made. However, we will let others work out that problem in logic: the editors will continue to make as good a magazine as they know how.

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is significant to the reading-public because of what he is rather than because he has attained eminence in a particular profession. A mathematician and a philosopher—yes, but he is more meaningful to his fellow-men because his stated calling is but one of the surfaces with which his mind is faceted. In the FREEMAN of 28 February Mr. Russell will present certain observations on China and Chinese influence, the fruit of his recent residence in the Orient.

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